

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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"Winnie and I were thrown together for an instant."

## THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS. BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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XVI.

1, OAKLEY VILLAS, BIRCHESPOOL,

November 4th, 1884.



I FACE my study window as I write, Bertie. Slate-colored clouds are drifting slowly overhead with ragged fringes. Between them one has a glimpse of higher clouds of a lighter gray. I can hear the gentle swish of the rain striking a clearer note on the gravel path and a duller among the leaves. Sometimes it falls straight and heavy, till the air is full of the delicate gray shading, and for half a foot above the

ground there is a haze from the rebound of a million tiny globules. Then, without any change in the clouds, it eases off again. Pools line my walk and lie thick upon the roadway, their surface pocked by the falling drops. As I sit I can smell the heavy perfume of the wet earth, and the laurel-bushes gleam where the light strikes sideways upon them. The gate outside shines above as though it were new varnished, and along the lower edge of the upper bar there hangs a fringe of great clear drops. That is the best that November can do for us in our dripping little island. You, I suppose, sitting among the dying glories of an American fall, think that this must needs be depressing. Don't make any mistake about that, my dear boy. You may take the States, from Detroit to the Gulf, and you won't find a happier man than this one. What do you suppose I've got at this moment in my consulting-room? A bureau? A book-case? No; I know you've guessed my secret already. She is sitting

in my big arm-chair, and she is the best, the kindest, the sweetest little woman in England.

Yes, I've been married six months now—at least, the almanac says months, though I should have thought weeks. I should, of course, have sent cake and cards, but had an idea that you were not home from the Islands yet. It is a good year since I wrote to you, but when you give an amorphous address of that sort, what can you expect? I've thought of you and talked of you often enough.

Well, I dare say, with the acumen of an old married man you have guessed who the lady is as well. We surely know by some nameless instinct more about our futures than we think we know. I can remember, for example, that years ago the name of Bradfield used to strike with a causeless familiarity upon my ear, and since then, as you know, the course of my

(Continued on page 232.)

## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## The Situation at Albany.

IT is an exceptional incident in the Legislative history of New York that the State executive should find it necessary to rebuke the dominant party, of which he is himself a member, for its failure to respect the will of the people as to measures of public concern. Yet that is precisely what has happened. The recent special message of Governor Morton, urging the immediate passage of the bills for the reform of the police department and the inferior criminal courts of this city, was the outcome of just this official disregard of plain obligations.

The Republican party of this State carried the last election on distinct and definite pledges to the people. It declared that if given authority it would formulate and carry out those measures of reform which had been found to be necessary for the conservation of the public morals and of every high civic interest. The people, suffering acutely from the evils which had accrued from vicious and debasing partisan rule in New York, demanded that the municipal government should be conducted henceforth on non-partisan and business principles. They had found that the police department, instead of being a shelter and protection to the people, was in collusion with the dangerous forces and elements of the community, and that there was no safety for individual rights, or any business interest, so long as this condition of affairs continued. They had found that the police courts were instruments of outrage and oppression, and that relief for the poor and humble could only be assured by their thorough reorganization. One hundred and fifty-four thousand citizens voted to place the accomplishment of these reforms in the hands of the Republican party. There was no room for mistake as to the public wishes. There was no ground for hesitation or delay in their fulfillment. But what has followed? The Legislature elected to carry out this demand, instead of promptly fulfilling its engagements has spent its time in devising methods for avoiding them. Every possible artifice has been resorted to in order to baffle and delay necessary measures of reform. Combinations have been entered into which, if not based upon mercenary considerations, are utterly disreputable, as illustrating an active personal sympathy with the forms of evil which it was designed to exterminate. It has even been said that bribery has in some cases been resorted to in furtherance of the purposes of those who, while pledged to reform, were simply plotting to prevent its consummation. Not only so, but some of the men who were elected with these pledges upon their lips have not hesitated to assail the reform movement with sneers and ridicule, and to denounce those who have been conspicuous in seeking to promote it.

It is easy to see what must come of this infidelity of Republicans to their obvious public obligations. They may possibly succeed in arresting for a time the movement for wholesale municipal reform; but in doing so they have covered themselves with infamy, they have brought disgrace upon their party, and have exposed it to serious risk of discomfiture in the coming elections. With the public conscience as acute and sensitive as it now is, no party which betrays the people can possibly maintain permanent sway. Always, in the long run, the moral forces make their way. The evils against which the people of this metropolis united in the last election, and the extermination of which they demanded, cannot by any possible trickery or artifice or intrigue be much longer perpetuated. They will be expelled from our city life sooner or later, as certainly as that they have ever debauched it. Just as certainly the Republican party, even if it shall now, spurred thereto by the gubernatorial rebuke, enact all the legislation demanded by the people, will be greatly damaged by the protracted neglect to keep its pledges. It cannot plead any lack of power. If it had risen to the height of its duty and measured up promptly to the public expectations, it could have maintained itself in indefinite supremacy in the State. As the case now stands, it must go to the people in the next contest besmirched and distrusted, and no appeal that it can make in extenuation of the offenses of faithless representatives will suffice to avert entirely the condemnation which their defiance of, or sullen acquiescence in, the popular demands has deliberately invited.

## The Cuban Revolt.

THERE is no doubt that the Spanish government is seriously disturbed by the situation in Cuba. The insurrection which it has steadily belittled has at last attained such dimensions that further denials of its formidable character are impossible, and the hurried dispatch of troops to the

scene of danger reveals an anxiety and alarm which no diplomatic pretensions of indifference can disguise.

The latest reports show that the insurrection is spreading rapidly, and is already beyond the control of the local commanders; that the insurgents have defeated the regular forces in several skirmishes, and that, all told, the insurrectionary force now numbers over seven thousand men, fairly well armed and equipped, and desperately in earnest. As against these the government proposes to put into the field, in addition to the regular force of the island and the reinforcements recently arrived, a further force of nine thousand seven hundred men, just embarked at various Spanish ports, under the direct command of General Martinez Campos. Other re-enforcements, it is announced, will be sent as occasion may demand. General Campos is a hard fighter, and will no doubt infuse into the campaign against the rebels the same vigor and determination which marked his policy when he suppressed a previous revolt. But it may be that, with all the force at his command, he will be unable to restore peace and order for some months to come, since he will have to face the terrors of the sickly season as well as the guerrilla bands of insurgents, and in any event it is quite certain that no victory he may achieve will allay the discontent which prevails everywhere throughout the island.

The unrest which has been growing more acute with every passing year, because of the misgovernment to which the people are subjected, is too deep-seated to be appeased by anything short of an abandonment of the plundering and oppressive policy which now obtains, and the introduction of real reforms in all departments of the local administration.

## Northern Farmers Going South.



OME very interesting and instructive statistics as to real-estate conditions in the South are furnished by the *Southern States*, published at Baltimore. These statistics are based upon reports of real-estate agents in different sections, made in reply to inquiries addressed to them by the publication in question. They show a most remarkable movement of agriculturists Southward from the North. Thus, one firm in Atlanta reports having sold in ninety days an aggregate of two thousand seven hundred and forty acres of farm property, and adds that it has an order for a tract of from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand acres for colonies of Swedes, and similar orders from Nebraska, Pennsylvania, and Ohio for smaller tracts for colonization. Since September 1st some twenty-two thousand acres of farm lands in Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana have been sold by a Memphis firm to purchasers from Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, and Illinois, who bought for immediate occupancy and cultivation. A Chattanooga dealer reports that he has received, in the last two months, at least fifteen hundred inquiries from prospective emigrants, and has made actual sales of thirty farms. Important sales are also reported from western North Carolina and Virginia. In the latter State several large tracts have been sold to Northern capitalists, and a Richmond agent reports that he has received in sixty days twelve hundred inquiries for farm lands, coming from every Northern and Western State, and from Canada, England, and Sweden. The commissioner of emigration for Arkansas states that not less than one hundred thousand emigrants have settled in that State within the past year. Several sales of farming tracts are also reported from South Carolina, while in Georgia over two hundred purchases have been made of small tracts for orchards and vineyards. In southern Texas sales of over four hundred farms have been made in the last fifteen months.

These reports, of course, are sporadic, and do not furnish a general summary of land sales; but they are conclusive as to the tendency of Northern men to avail themselves of the opportunities offered by the South. It is claimed that the purchasers of Southern farms represent every Northern State, those of the Northwest sending the largest number. There can be no doubt at all that within the next two or three decades the greater portion of the now practically unproductive lands of the South will be taken up and become productive with a diversity of crops, giving a great impulse to the general prosperity as a result of this introduction of Northern energy and methods of cultivation. We are just beginning to understand the immense possibilities of that section, and to realize the real fruits of the overthrow of the pernicious labor system which made agricultural expansion practically impossible.

## Arbitration Discredited.

THE *London Spectator* is disposed to question the sincerity of the declaration made by our House of Representatives in favor of peace and arbitration. It puts against this platonic declaration the positive refusal of the House to pay the award in the case of the sealers in the Behring Sea which "was decided by the arbitrators in Paris in favor of the Canadians," and which was supposed to have been finally settled by that decision. The *Spectator* cannot see the advantage of "submitting quarrels to the decision of a

tribunal when the opposite side has made up its mind to accept no decision not in its own favor." There is a basis of justice in this contention, but there is no warrant for the statement that this country, in agreeing to arbitration, was governed by any such despicable motive as the *Spectator* attributes to it. The action of the House of Representatives was not final, nor did it represent the popular will. Our people desire and intend that the award, whether excessive or otherwise, shall be paid, and they will not forget, when they come to settle with the Democratic party, the outrage upon good faith, and the consequent humiliation, involved in its refusal to meet promptly and honorably an obligation which the government had definitely accepted.

We observe that, owing to the non-payment of the award, the British government has been asked to advance the money, pending further negotiations, for the benefit of the sealers, many of whom are said to be in bitter want, but as yet the request has not been complied with. "The objection is," says the *Spectator* "that if the money is advanced, the House of Representatives may permanently neglect to repay it, and thus, in fact, upset the award." Perhaps our Democratic statesmen may find some satisfaction in the contemplation of a statement which reveals so low an estimate of American honor, but we fancy that fair-minded people will discover in it only another reason for lamenting the folly of the electorate in elevating to power a party capable of thus besmirching our good name.

## Some False Notions of Art.



HERE is at present a great striving for artistic expression in the English-speaking world, and here in America we take more serious note of artistic accomplishment than ever before. This is as it should be, for through serious effort and candid criticism must come that aesthetic advancement which is to give to our civilization that fine polish which it has hitherto lacked. Art itself has no nationality, though for convenience we speak of English art and German art and French art, and so on. One who hopes to achieve artistic proficiency and skill in any branch, whether of literature or the drama, or in painting or sculpture, would do well to study the particular branch to which he is devoted where that form of art is practiced most successfully. We have long recognized that in both the graphic and the plastic arts the French, in modern times, have excelled all other Europeans, and therefore our students of artistic expression have naturally gone to Paris for instruction and also for inspiration. This has been wise and in the main it has been well. So well, indeed, that in painting and in sculpture we have in America to-day artists who are worthy to rank with the very best in the world. But in some other branches of art the instruction has not had such happy results.

Than a drama to be acted on the stage there is no higher form of art. The French construct these plays with a skill little less than marvelous, and French actors play them with a finish which, when compared with the efforts of our own players, make the latter seem little less than brutal. Our actors do not study in Paris—probably they do not study anywhere—and therefore their success or their failure cannot be in the least attributed to French influence. Our playwrights, however—and we speak of English as well as American dramatists—appear to have studied the French drama and French fiction at long range, and to have tried to model their plays on the works which have been successful in Paris. And in doing this we are sure that they have been misled from their main purpose by some misconceptions and false notions that have induced grave errors, deserving of even more than passing notice and casual condemnation.

In reading French novels or in seeing French plays we have all noticed that an importance is given to unchastity out of all proportion to our experience of it in the life of any Anglo-Saxon community. When we have admired such novels or such plays we have done so not on account of this motive, but in spite of it, and because of the artistic skill of the craftsmen who presumably have created real and just pictures of French life. Whether or not it is true that all romance in France springs from this one debasing passion is no concern of ours, and is aside from the present question. But it does concern all of us who know the purity of the Anglo-Saxon social life, to protest when English or American playwrights attempt to interpolate this French motive into dramas which pretend to represent either English or American life. But the majority of the men who are to-day supplying plays for the English-speaking stage appear to have concluded that French nastiness has some inseparable connection with French art, and therefore they seem to believe that to be nasty is to be artistic. And in this conclusion the managers of the theatres are at one with these misguided playwrights. The consequences are both sad and shameful. At many of the leading theatres to-day in New York, and it has been so all the winter, the success of the plays has depended upon one variety or another of this ever-recurring theme. Now this is as wrong from an artistic standpoint as it is from a



purely moral view. No playwright who gives a semblance of reality to social conditions which do not exist makes other than a false and artificial drama which can have neither forceful vitality nor artistic merit. As to the baneful influence of these so-called works of art we have no need to speak. They condemn themselves in the minds of all pure men and women, and they debase the play-houses into places of mere ignoble amusement and coarse dissipation.

We have always preferred to think of the theatre as a great and beneficent factor in civilization. So it has been, and so it may be again. But its restoration and regeneration must come when such silly notions of art have been discarded entirely by playwrights, managers, and actors. Following present lines the theatre will soon be on a par with the variety shows and the dance-halls, where people go in defiance of their scruples, and from which they come away ashamed rather than lifted up by noble thoughts and strengthened for the good work which is before every one to do if he will but see it.

### The Extension of the Trolley.



It is becoming more and more apparent that the introduction of the trolley system will revolutionize our methods of railway service to a much larger extent, and prove a much more important factor in promoting the public convenience, than was at first supposed. In the beginning it was generally regarded as purely a method of urban transit, but it has been found as available for the service of rural communities as for that of populous centres, and it is now being extended over hundreds of miles of territory which has hitherto been served, if served at all, by steam railways exclusively. In New Jersey a line is being constructed from Jersey City to Trenton, whence it will extend to Philadelphia, running for the most part through farming districts which are wholly without means of rapid communication. Certain parts of the line will be operated with especial reference to the transportation of farm produce, and between Newark and Jersey City light freight will be carried. Ultimately, it is understood, this line will be extended to Washington. In other near-by States the construction of similar lines is in progress or contemplation, looking to the service of rural neighborhoods. Many of these lines will, of course, be feeders, more or less directly, of the steam railways, but for the most part they will be purely local and independent.

So far the New York Central is the first of the great corporations to adopt the trolley as an integral part of its system. This company proposes to substitute electricity for steam on its Buffalo and Niagara Falls branch, and has already issued orders for the commencement and vigorous prosecution of the work. The result of this experiment, if it may be called such, will no doubt be awaited by railway managers generally with a good deal of interest, and if the expectations of the company are realized, as they are likely to be, the adoption of the new system on other roads will almost certainly follow.

The announcement that the government proposes to utilize the trolley lines in this city and Brooklyn, as is already done in St. Louis and Chicago, in the local mail service, calls attention to another of the forms in which electricity is being made serviceable to the public. The design is to do away with the slow and cumbrous horse-and-wagon service entirely, and not only collect the mails by using the street-cars, but also to distribute the mails to the sub-stations and to the carriers on the various routes, thus greatly expediting the service—and that, too, at less cost than is entailed by the present method. It is understood that this improvement in the service will not be confined to this and others of the larger cities, but will be employed wherever the railways offer the necessary facilities. In these applications of the new system to varied public uses and forms of enterprise we have at once a striking illustration of the progress of the age, and a hint as to the possibilities of electrical development and service which must excite the largest expectations for the future.

## WHAT'S GOING ON

THE interest which is just now felt in China will assure a cordial welcome to the work of Mr. Chester Holcombe entitled, "The Real Chinaman," just issued by Dodd, Mead & Co. Mr. Holcombe was for many years interpreter, secretary of legation, and acting minister of the United States at Peking, and he writes, therefore, with a knowledge of his subject which is at once exceptional and thorough. The book discusses the government, home life, religion, education, literature, judiciary, finances, manners and customs, etc., of the Chinese, and furnishes as to some of these points information which has not been stated with equal fullness or attractiveness in any other volume. It is copiously illustrated, and is bound in a shade of color known in China as "imperial yellow." Every person who is interested in the study of Eastern politics and the relation of

China to the movements now in progress should possess himself of this instructive and timely volume.

It is time that a halt should be called in the "bronze-statue" and "living-picture" business. It has become an outrage on public decency. We do not go at all into the question as to whether exposures of the female figure in a nude state are, or are not, "artistic," and suggestive of evil only to persons of impure imaginations. The simple fact that these exhibitions find their patrons mainly among persons of this class is conclusive as to their impure character and corrupting influence. It is an insult to the popular intelligence to insist that they "help the people to appreciate art." The bill to prohibit exhibitions of this sort, and imposing heavy penalties on those who may give or participate in them, which has been introduced into the State Senate, ought to be passed at once, and it will be unless the Legislature has become so far debauched by the malign influences which seem to surround it as to be incapable of recognizing its obligations to protect the public morals and prevent the degradation of womanhood.

GOVERNOR MCKINLEY recently accepted the invitation of an Ohio friend who has a winter home in Georgia, to pay him a visit. During his stay he was the recipient of courteous attentions from officials and leading citizens of the State. Thereupon a tremendous hullabaloo was raised by certain newspapers, which discovered, or pretended to discover, in this tender and acceptance of Southern hospitality an artful intrigue for the promotion of the good Governor's candidacy for the Presidency, and certain other gentlemen who are supposed to have aspirations in that direction were appealed to with frenzied earnestness to "be up and doing," lest the prize be wrested from their grasp. The incident illustrates how easily some of our esteemed contemporaries are able to magnify mole-hills into mountains. It is not at all probable that Governor McKinley visited Georgia with any political purpose whatever; it is altogether unlikely that the citizens and officials who honored him by their attentions had any other motive than that of paying proper respect to the office he holds as the executive of a great State; but even if the facts were otherwise they afforded no occasion at all for the splutter in which the sensational journalists indulged. Governor McKinley may be nominated for the Presidency, but the question of the nomination will not be settled at Thomasville, any more than it will be determined by the scheming in favor of other candidates, in this city or elsewhere.

THERE are distinct and conclusive evidences of the growth of Republican sentiment at the South. Democratic journals recognize and admit the fact with candor if not with satisfaction. Thus the Savannah News, in a recent article, declares that in a number of South Carolina towns young men of influence are inclining more and more to identify themselves with Republican organizations, and adds the prediction that Republicanism, "and not the silver party," will soon "gain a strong foothold" in the Southern States. In Louisiana the most influential sugar planters have identified themselves with the party of protection, and in May next a daily newspaper, with ample capital, will be started in New Orleans for the purpose of disseminating Republican views and advocating Republican principles. In other States, where manufacturing industries are being developed and the advantages of diversified production are getting to be understood, equally notable declensions from Democratic Bourbonism are in progress, and it is not too much to assume that in the next Presidential contest Republican electoral tickets will command, in all the more populous Southern States, an earnest and influential following. Out of this re-formation of party lines and the discussion of new principles and policies will come not only readjustments in national politics, but, what is equally important, better government and a larger prosperity for the Southern people, whose realization of the possibilities within their reach is altogether impossible under existing conditions.

### Men and Things.

"This passeth yeer by yeer and day by day."

THE seventeenth annual show of the Society of American Artists opened a fortnight ago, and will last till the 27th of April. It is in many respects the least interesting exhibition that the society has ever given; but even when this qualification is made the contents of the galleries in Fifty-seventh Street afford a valuable and striking illustration of much that is important in American art. One hears on all sides that the "impressionists" have captured the exhibition, which seems to me rather hard of proof, though such men as Hassam, Twachtman, Reid, and Weir do give a decided character to it—a sense of brightness and sunshine, of illusive and charming effects, and of absolute unconventionality. Reid has several delightful landscapes—particularly "Twachtman's Valley at Sunset"—a nude called "Summer," and several interesting portraits, among which is a curiously etiolated young lady called Fleur de Lis. Hassam, who won the Webb prize, but who should have won with another picture, has some gay, sunny things that are full of a peculiar and delightful quality; and Twachtman puts into permanency many of the evanescent beauties of Niagara. There are but two marines, and Edward Simmons's, a swirling, dashing, foam-crested sea,

full of virility, is by far the better. William M. Chase shows ten pictures—a goodly number, as becomes the president of the society—one of which, "A Friendly Call," took the Shaw prize of fifteen hundred dollars. This picture shows Mr. Chase as a good deal of a philistine, and rather spoils the good impression made by his Shinnecock scenes. The portraits are many and varied. Miss Cecilia Beaux—strongly influenced by Sargeant—has several excellent ones; Julian Story has an interesting one of his father, W. W. Story; and Cox, Beckwith, Chase, Read, besides others, show to advantage. Kenyon Cox's "Temptation of St. Anthony," one of the few pictures having a literary or historical interest, is very disappointing—or would be if the title of it had raised any expectations. The display of sculpture is very meagre, and is confined to a dozen examples in all. Those by Phimister Proctor are decidedly the best, and show an unusual treatment of difficult subjects—animals. As a whole the show is disappointing, but individual pictures make it more than worth attention.

"The Elizabethan Hamlet," announced for publication by Elkin Mathews in London, and Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, promises to be a valuable and interesting addition to Shakespearean literature. I had the pleasure and profit of reading much of Mr. Corbin's essay—which took the Sohler prize at Harvard in 1893—in manuscript, and found it immensely suggestive, though if anything rather super-subtle in its arguments. It has been largely altered and augmented during the last year, and I've no doubt that in book form it will be found much strengthened and more convincing. His thesis is that the mad scenes of the tragedy had a comic aspect to Elizabethan audiences that is now completely ignored, and he arrives at his conclusions by an exhaustive study of the drama and the people of the time. He finds that to Shakespeare's contemporaries many things that are abhorrent and repulsive to us, such as insanity, torture, and the like, were objects of mirth and amusement, and that Hamlet's madness must have had a comic aspect to them. Should Mr. Corbin's essay be accepted it will go far toward solving a puzzle that has perplexed the scholars and critics for two centuries.

Pinero's new play, "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," has just been produced by John Hare at the Garrick Theatre, London, and from all accounts he has duplicated the success of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." It is, like it, a study of the woman with a past, and, interpreted by John Hare, Forbes Robertson, and Mrs. Patrick Campell, it is described as one of the finest performances seen in London this winter. Hare will probably include the play in his repertoire for the United States, and if Mrs. Campell only accompanies him we may be sure of an interesting production, though the attitude of the papers and the public toward "Mrs. Tanqueray" are hardly a guarantee of its success.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

### People Talked About.

—GENERAL NEAL DOW may profitably cite his own case in proof of the benefits of total abstinence. There is probably no livelier man of ninety-one in all Maine, a State prolific in vigorous old men, and none sounder in mind and body. When General Dow celebrated his birthday, a week or so ago, he greeted all his numerous callers with a hearty handshake, and exhibited a liveliness of demeanor that was surprising. He is as active as ever in the cause he has championed for so many years. During the winter just passed, for instance, on five occasions he left home at daybreak to journey to Augusta to make protracted arguments before Legislative committees. Another fine old Maine man is ex-Senator Bradbury, who is ninety-three.

—Although Marion Crawford seems nowadays to write novels while his publisher waits, the habit is not a new one. He wrote "Morzio's Crucifix" in ten days, and "Mr. Isaacs," on which his popular fame rests, was done within five weeks. Mr. Crawford is now forty-two years old. He was twenty-nine when he made his bow to the public, and he began to write for a livelihood, and not, as many people have supposed, in response to a still, small voice within. Had he followed his own inclination he might now have been a professor of Sanskrit.

—Senator Call knows how to maintain his popularity with his constituents. A Florida correspondent says that when he comes home after the adjournment of Congress he dons a gray "hickory" shirt, a pair of ragged trousers, a torn coat, and a sweat-stained slouch hat, and makes a tour of the sand-hills and pine forests. He kisses the farmers' babies, spreads molasses on his bread, asks after the crops, and returns from his tour conscious of the fact that he is "solid" with the people he represents and sure of their support.

—Miss Alice Kauser, an energetic young woman who has a wide acquaintance with and the friendly confidence of the actors, actresses, and theatrical managers of New York and the country generally, has opened at 1432 Broadway a bureau for the handling and sale of plays. While Miss Kauser's European connections are numerous and important, it is encouraging to learn, what she assures us is emphatically the case, that the great demand among her clientele is for new American plays; and her agency is conducted accordingly.





THE MODERN TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

### Easter in the Holy Land.

THE Bethlehem manger, the garden of Gethsemane, and the Cross—these tell the story of the world's saddest tragedy, and mark the beginning and the ending of the one Life which dominates the ages. Their historic interest, associated as they are with the historic Christ, increases rather than diminishes as men come to understand more and more intelligently what that life meant to the race. Pilgrim feet turn toward them from all lands, and the imagination of the thoughtful and devout of every faith clothes them with a dignity and pathos which attach to no other places anywhere in the world. Even skepticism does homage to Him who faced and conquered the agony of the olive garden on Olivet, and made Golgotha sacred by loftiest sacrifice.

As the city of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, Jerusalem has a special interest at Easter. It is then that the narrow streets present a spectacle as unique as it is impressive, and one which illustrates most significantly how in the eyes of Christian and Moslem alike it is a holy city—the religious centre of the world. At this time the number of pilgrims often reaches a total of five thousand. The European and American tourist, the Turkish Nizam, the hooded Armenian, the long-haired Greek monk, mingle with the native peasants in yellow turbans and striped mantles, with Armenian pilgrims wearing broad red sashes, Jews in Oriental costume with the fur cap and love-locks of the Pharisee, Russians in knee-boots and padded robes—each contributing to the picturesqueness of a scene that, once witnessed, will never be forgotten. Bethlehem, now a village of three thousand or four thousand inhabitants, usually catches

more or less of the overflow of this Easter visitation, the grotto of the Nativity having a special interest for many of the pious pilgrims.

During the present season the tide of travel to the Holy Land has been exceptionally large, owing to the excursion facilities afforded by the great steamship companies of this country and England. Probably one thousand excursionists have gone from American ports alone, and many of these will be in Jerusalem and its vicinity during Easter week. It is not improbable that, as a result of this invasion of Palestine by modern tourist enterprise, the peculiar conditions of life which have obtained for thousands of years will presently be essentially modified, and that the stupor which now rests upon it everywhere will give place to the busy and prosperous activities of an intelligent population.



THE MOUNT OF OLIVES AND GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

### EASTER IN THE HOLY LAND.

POINTS OF INTEREST TO THE PILGRIMS WHO FLOCK THITHER DURING EASTER WEEK.





1. THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE, VAN BUREN AND LEAVITT STREETS.



PARLOR AND READING-ROOM.



IN THE INSTITUTE AUDITORIUM.



THE NEW "HOME SALON," 155 WASHINGTON STREET.



BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS, FOUNDER OF THE "HOME SALON."



A RECEPTION AT THE INSTITUTE.



## The Stark Munro Letters.

(Continued from front page.)

life has flowed through it. And so when I first saw Winnie La Force in the railway carriage, before I had spoken to her or knew her name, I felt an inexplicable sympathy for and interest in her. Have you had no experience of the sort in your life? Or was it merely that she was obviously gentle and retiring, and so made a silent claim upon all that was helpful and manly in me? At any rate, I was conscious of it, and again and again every time that I met her. How good is that saying of some Russian writer, that he who loves one woman knows more of the whole sex than he who has had passing relations with a thousand. I thought I knew something of women. I suppose every medical student does. But now I can see that I really knew nothing. My knowledge was all external. I did not know the woman soul, that crowning gift of Providence to man, which, if we do not ourselves degrade it, will set an edge to all that is good in us. I did not know how the love of a woman will tinge a man's whole life and every action with unselfishness. I did not know how easy it is to be noble when some one else takes it for granted that one will be so, or how wide and interesting life becomes when viewed by four eyes instead of two. I had much to learn, you see, but I think I have learned it.

It was natural that the death of poor Fred La Force should make me intimate with the family. It was really that cold hand which I grasped that morning as I sat by his bed which drew me toward his happiness. I visited there frequently, and we often went on little excursions together. Then my dear mother came down to stay with me for a spell, and turned Miss Williams gray by looking for dust in all sorts of improbable corners, or advancing with a terrible silence, a broom in one hand and a shovel in the other, to the attack of a spider's web which she had marked down in the beer-cellar. Her presence enabled me to return some of the hospitality which I had received from the La Forces, and brought us still nearer together.

I had never yet reminded them of our previous meeting. One evening, however, the talk turned upon clairvoyance, and Mrs. La Force was expressing the utmost disbelief in it. I borrowed her ring, and holding it to my forehead, I pretended to be peering into her past.

"I see you in a railway carriage," said I. "You are wearing a red feather in your bonnet. Miss La Force is dressed in something dark. There is a young man there. He is rude enough to address your daughter as Winnie before he has ever been—"

"Oh, mother," she cried, "of course it is he! The face haunted me and I could not think where we had met it. That is twice, then, that Fred has been a link between us."

Well, there are some things that we don't talk about to another man, even when we know each other as well as I know you. Why should we, when that which is most engrossing to us consists in those gradual shades of advance from friendship to intimacy, and from intimacy to something more sacred still, which can scarcely be written at all, far less made interesting to another? The time came at last when they went to leave Birchespool, and my mother and I went round the night before to say good-bye. Winnie and I were thrown together for an instant.

"When will you come back to Birchespool?" I asked.

"Mother does not know."

"Will you come soon, and be my wife?"

I had been turning it over in my head all the evening how prettily I could lead up to it, and how neatly I could say it—and behold the melancholy result! Well, perhaps the feeling of my heart managed to make itself clear even through those bald words. There was but one to judge, and she was of that opinion.

I was so lost in my own thoughts that I walked as far as Oakley Villa with my mother before I opened my mouth. "Mam," said I at last, "I have proposed to Winnie La Force and she has accepted me."

"My boy," said she, "you are a true Packenham." And so I knew that my mother's approval had reached the point of enthusiasm. It was not for days—not until I expressed a preference for dust under the book-case with quiet, against purity and ructions—that the dear old lady perceived traces of the Munros.

The time originally fixed for the wedding was six months after this, but we gradually whittled it down to five and to four. My income had risen to about two hundred and seventy pounds at the time, and Winnie had agreed, with a somewhat enigmatical smile, that we could manage very well on that—the more so as marriage sends a doctor's income up. The reason of her smile became more apparent when, a few weeks before the date, I received a most portentous blue document in

which "We, Brown and Woodhouse, the solicitors for the herein and hereafter mentioned Winifred La Force, do hereby" state a surprising number of things and use some remarkably bad English. The meaning of it, when all the "whereas's and aforesaid's" were picked out, was that Winnie had about a hundred a year of her own. It could not make me love her a shade better than I did, but at the same time I won't be so absurd as to say that I was not very glad, or to deny that it made our marriage much easier than it would otherwise have been.

Poor old Whitehall came in on the morning of the ceremony. He was staggering under the weight of a fine Japanese cabinet which he had carried round from his lodgings. I had asked him to come to the church, and the old gentleman was resplendent in a white waistcoat and a silk tie. Between ourselves, I had been just a little uneasy lest his excitement should upset him, as in the case of the dinner, but nothing could be more exemplary than his conduct and appearance. I had introduced him to Winnie some days before.

"You'll forgive me for saying, Dr. Munro, sir, that you are a—lucky fellow," said he. "You've put your hand in the bag, sir, and taken out the eel first time, as any one with half an eye can see. Now I've had three dips, and landed a snake every dip. If I'd had a good woman at my side, Dr. Munro, sir, I might not be the broken half-pay skipper of an armed transport to-day."

"I thought that you had been twice married, captain."

"Three times, sir. I buried two. The other lives at Brussels. Well, I'll be at the church, Dr. Munro, sir, and you may lay that there is no one there who wishes you better than I do."

And yet there were many there who wished me well. My patients had all got wind of it, and they assembled by the pewful, looking distressingly healthy. My neighbor, Dr. Porter, was there also, to lend me his support, and old General Wainwright gave Winnie away. My mother, Mrs. La Force, and Miss Williams were all in the front pew, and away at the back of the church I caught a glimpse of the forked beard and crinkly face of Whitehall, and beside him the wounded lieutenant, the man who ran away with the cook, and quite a line of the strange bohemians who followed his fortunes. Then, when the words were said, and man's form had tried to sanctify that which was already divine, we walked, amid the pealings of the wedding-march, into the vestry, where my dear mother relieved the tension of the situation by signing the register in the wrong place, so that to all appearance it was she who had just married the clergyman. And then, amid congratulations and kindly faces, we were together, her hand on my forearm, upon the steps of the church, and saw the familiar road stretching before us. But it was not that road which lay before my eyes, but rather the path of our lives, that broader path on which our feet were now planted, so pleasant to tread, and yet with its course so shrouded in the mist. Was it long or was it short? Was it up-hill or was it down? For her, at least, it should be smooth if a man's love could make it so.

We were away for several weeks in the Isle of Man, and then came back to Oakley Villa, where Miss Williams was awaiting us in a house in which even my mother could have found no dust, and with a series of cheering legends as to the crowds of patients who had blocked the street in my absence. There really was a marked increase in my practice, and for the last six months or so, without being actually busy, I have always had enough to occupy me. My people are poor, and I have to work hard for a small fee, but I still study and attend the local hospital, and keep my knowledge up-to-date, so as to be ready for my opening when it comes. There are times when I chafe that I may not play a part upon some larger stage than this, but my happiness is complete, and if Fate has no further use for me, I am content now from my heart to live and to die where I am.

You will wonder, perhaps, how we get on—my wife and I—in the matter of religion. Well, we both go our own ways. Why should I proselytize? I would not, for the sake of abstract truth, take away her childlike faith, which serves to make life easier and brighter to her. I would as soon think of breaking in upon her innocent prayers as she would of carrying off the works of philosophy from my study-table. She is not narrow in her views, but if one could stand upon the very topmost pinnacle of broad-mindedness, one would doubtless see from it that even the narrow have their mission.

About a year ago I had news of Cullingworth from Smeaton, who was in the same foot-ball team at college, and who had called when he was passing through Bradford. His report was not a very favorable one. The practice had declined considerably. People had, no doubt, accustomed themselves to his eccentricities, and these had ceased to impress them. Again, there had been one or two coroner's inquests, which

had spread the impression that he had been rash in the use of powerful drugs. If the coroner could have seen the hundreds of cures which Cullingworth had effected by that same rashness he would have been less confident with his censures. But, as you understand, C.'s rival medical men were not disposed to cover him in any way. He had never had much consideration for them.

Besides this decline in his practice, I was sorry to hear that Cullingworth had shown renewed signs of that curious vein of suspicion which had always seemed to me to be the most insane of all his traits. His whole frame of mind toward me had been an example of it, but as far back as I can remember it had been a characteristic. Even in those early days, when they lived in four little rooms above a grocer's shop, I recollect that he insisted upon gunning up every chink of one bedroom for fear of some imaginary infection. He was haunted, too, with a perpetual dread of eaves-droppers, which used to make him fly at the door and fling it open in the middle of his conversation, pouncing out into the passage with the idea of catching somebody in the act. Once it was the maid with the tea-tray that he caught, I remember, and I can see her astonished face now, with an aureole of flying cups and lumps of sugar.

Smeaton tells me that this has now taken the form of imagining that some one is conspiring to poison him with copper, against which he takes the most extravagant precautions. It is the strangest sight, he says, to see Cullingworth at his meals, for he sits with an elaborate chemical apparatus and numerous retorts and bottles at his elbow with which he tests samples of every course. I could not help laughing at Smeaton's description, and yet it was a laugh with a groan underlying it. Of all ruins, that of a fine man is the saddest.

I never thought I should have seen Cullingworth again, but fate has brought us together. I have always had a kindly feeling for him, though I know that he used me atrociously. Often I have wondered whether, if I were placed before him, I should take him by the throat or by the hand. You will be interested to hear what actually occurred.

One day, just a week or so back, I was starting on my round, when a boy arrived with a note. It fairly took my breath away when I saw the familiar writing, and realized that Cullingworth was in Birchespool. I called Winnie and we read it together.

"Dear Munro," it said, "James is in lodgings here for a few days. We are on the point of leaving England. He would be glad, for the sake of old times, to have a chat with you before he goes. Yours faithfully, Hetty Cullingworth."

The writing was his, and the style of address, so that it was evidently one of those queer little bits of transparent cunning which were characteristic of him, to make it come from his wife, that he might not lay himself open to a direct rebuff. The address, curiously enough, was that very Cadogan Terrace at which I had lodged, but two doors higher up.

Well, I was averse from going myself, but Winnie was all for peace and forgiveness. Women who claim nothing invariably get everything, and so my gentle little wife always carries her point. Half an hour later I was in Cadogan Terrace with very mixed feelings, but the kinder ones at the top. I tried to think that Cullingworth's treatment of me had been pathological—the result of a diseased brain. If a delirious man had struck me I should not have been angry with him. That must be my way of looking at it.

If Cullingworth still bore any resentment he concealed it most admirably. But then I knew by experience that that genial, loud-voiced, John Bull manner of his could conceal many things. His wife was more open, and I could read in her tightened lips and cold, gray eyes that she at least stood fast to the old quarrel. Cullingworth was little changed, and seemed to be as sanguine and as full of spirits as ever.

"Sound as a trout, my boy," he cried, drumming on his chest with his hands. "Played for the London Scottish in their opening match last week, and was on the ball from whistle to whistle. Not so quick on a sprint—you find that yourself, Munro, eh, what? but a good hard-working bullocky forward. Last match I shall have for many a day, for I am off to South America next week."

"You have given up Bradford altogether, then?"

"Too provincial, my boy. What's the good of a village practice with a miserable three thousand or so for a man that wants room to spread? My head was sticking out at one end of Bradford and my feet at the other. Why, there wasn't room for Hetty in the place, let alone me. I've taken to the eye, my boy. There's a fortune in the eye. A man grudges a half-crown to cure his chest or his throat, but he'll spend his last dollar over his eye. There's money in ears, but the eye is a gold-mine."

"What!" said I, "in South America?"

"Just exactly in South America," he cried, pacing with his quick little steps up and down the dingy room. "Look here, laddie! There's a great continent from the equator to the icebergs, and not a man in it who could correct an astigmatism. What do they know of modern eye-surgery and refraction? Why, damme, they don't know much about it in the provinces here yet, let alone Brazil. Man, if you could only see it, with a fringe of squinting millionaires sitting ten deep round the whole continent with their money in their hands, waiting for an oculist! Eh, Munro, what? By Crums! I'll come back and I'll buy Bradford, and I'll give it away as a tip to a waiter."

"You propose to settle in some large city, then?"

"City! What use would a city be to me? I'm there to squeeze the continent. I work a town at a time. I send on an agent to the next to say that I am coming. 'Here's the chance of a life-time,' says he. 'No need to go back to Europe. Here's Europe come to you. Squints, cataracts, iritis, refractions, what you like, here's the great Signor Cullingworth, right up to date and ready for anything.' In they come, of course, droves of them, and then I arrive and take the money. Here's my luggage"—pointing to two great hampers in the corner of the room. "Those are glasses, my boy—concave and convex—hundreds of them. I test an eye, fit him on the spot, and send him away shouting. Then I load up a steamer and come home, unless I elect to buy one of their little states and run it."

Of course it sounded absurd as he put it, but I could soon see that he had worked out his details and that there was a very practical side to his visions.

"I work Bahia," said he. "My agent prepares Pernambuco. When Bahia is squeezed dry I move on to Pernambuco, and the agent ships to Montevideo. So we work our way round with a trail of spectacles behind us. It'll go like clock-work."

"You will need to speak Spanish," said I.

"Tut, it does not take Spanish to stick a knife into a man's eye. All I shall want to know is—'Money down—no credit.' That's Spanish enough for me."

We had a long and interesting talk about all that had happened to both of us, without, however, any allusion to our past quarrel. He would not admit that he had left Bradford on account of a falling-off in his practice, or for any reason except that he found the place too small. His spring-screen invention had, he said, been favorably reported upon by one of the first private ship-building firms on the Clyde, and there was every probability of their adopting it.

"As to the magnet," said he, "I'm very sorry for my country, but there is no more command of the seas for her. I'll have to let the thing go to the Germans. It's not my fault. They must not blame me when the smash comes. I put the thing before the admiralty, and I could have made a boarding-school understand it in half the time. Such letters, Munro! Colney Hatch on blue paper. When the war comes, and I show these letters, somebody will be hanged. Questions about this—questions about that. At last they asked me what I proposed to fasten my magnet to. I answered to any solid, impenetrable object, such as the head of an admiralty official. Well, that broke the whole thing up. They wrote with their compliments and they were returning my apparatus. I wrote with my compliments and they might go to the devil. And so ends a great historical incident, Munro—eh, what?"

We parted very good friends, but with reservations, I fancy, on both sides. His last advice to me was to clear out of Birchespool.

"You can do better—you can do better, laddie!" said he. "Look round the whole world, and when you see a little round hole jump in feet foremost. There's a lot of 'em about if a man keeps himself ready."

So those were the last words of Cullingworth, and the last that I may ever see of him also, for he starts almost immediately upon his strange venture. He must succeed. He is a man whom nothing could hold down. I wish him luck, and have a kindly feeling toward him, and yet I distrust him from the bottom of my heart, and shall be just as pleased to know that the Atlantic rolls between us.

Well, my dear Bertie, a happy and tranquil, if not very ambitious existence stretches before us. I can foresee the gradually increasing routine of work, the wider circle of friends, the identification with this or that local movement, with perhaps a seat on the bench, or at least, in the municipal council, in my later years. It's not a very startling programme, is it? But it lies to my hand, and I see no other. I should dearly love that the world should be ever so little better for my presence. Even on this small stage we have our two sides, and something might be done by throwing all one's weight on the scale of breadth, tolerance, charity,



temperance, peace, and kindness to man and beast. We can't all strike very big blows, and even the little ones count for something.

So good-bye, my dear boy, and remember that when you come to England our home would be the brighter for your presence. In any case, now that I have your address, I shall write again in a very few weeks. My kindest regards to Mrs. Swanborough.

[This is the last letter which was mailed to me by my poor friend. He started to spend Christmas of that year (1884) with his people, and on

the journey was involved in the fatal railroad accident at Sittingfleet. Dr. and Mrs. Munro were the only occupants of the car next the locomotive, and were killed instantly, as was the brakeman and one other passenger. It was such an end as both he and his wife would have chosen, and no one who knew them would regret that neither was left to mourn the other. His insurance policy of eleven hundred pounds was sufficient to provide for the wants of his own family, which, as his father was in failing health, was the one worldly matter which could have caused him concern. H. S.]

## OUR COLLEGES FOR WOMEN.

### IV. A DAY AT BRYN MAWR.



PEMBROKE ARCH.

LIKE a handsome widow in elegant garments of gray, Bryn Mawr sits on her pleasant hills in a little rural gem of a town, named by its early Welsh settlers, Bryn Mawr. She is gray almost to her finger-tips, this college for young ladies. The walls of her six handsome buildings are of gray stone, and of gray are the tilings also. A trifle of unsanctified red gleams from the window-sashes of Taylor Hall; the snug little gymnasium, over between its comely gray sisters, Radnor and Merion, is of red brick; the cottage of the dean shows a faint bit of color between the trees, and two or three chimneys have escaped the painter with his generous pot of gray; but otherwise, the eye searches vainly for a departure from the general scheme of the Friends' own color.

One's first impression of the four stately halls of residence is of respect for the good sense of trustees who selected plans which secure so much comfort for the students. They sit quite low to the ground, these pleasant halls, and seem to reach out a hand of welcome to their parlors and studies. Three floors at most are seen in the plans, and in general the public rooms and students' rooms are found on the ground floor and on that immediately above it; while, true to the genius of the Philadelphia builder, front doorsteps are as few in number and as gentle of ascent as possible. No towering sky-scrapers here weary the eye with their height, or suggest life so remote and inaccessible to one's fellows that intercourse becomes a weariness to the flesh. And everywhere there is ample space, in parlors, in students' rooms, and class-rooms.

We first saw Bryn Mawr on a pleasant summer evening, just after sunset and just after dinner, if so commonplace a connection may be permitted. At new "Pembroke" the wide halls were filled with interesting groups of students, some in the broad window-seats, others wandering down the corridors, arm in arm, in lively conversation about the events of the day. On the lawn the usually full tennis-courts were deserted, but a merry group, led by two students in pink, were playing "snap the whip" with shrieks of laughter, right under the eyes of stately Taylor Hall, the centre of collegiate life.

In these days, when a man of fortune who bestows a gift usually insists that it shall in some way contribute to his own glory, it is interesting to know that the founder of Bryn Mawr, Dr. Joseph W. Taylor, of Burlington, New Jersey, a physician, merchant, and a member of the Society of Friends, forbade the use of his name to the college; but the central hall, in which are located the larger lecture halls, the library, offices of administration, and the reading-room, is rightly named for this wise philanthropist, who did not live to see the completion of the college buildings.

Not far from stately Taylor—and here let us say that one of the advantages of Bryn Mawr is that nothing is far away from anything—rises Dalton Hall, standing a little to one side as if courting retirement from the investigations, chemical, physiological, and botanical, which are progressing within its walls. Dalton is rather new, even in a group of buildings which has sprung up within the brief space of nine years, and its generous equipment and well-lighted, spacious laboratories offer splendid opportunities for individual work. The first floor and basement are devoted to physics, the second to biology, the third to chemistry, while on the fourth floor are a small museum and

several research-rooms for advanced students. The lecture-rooms are spacious and light. In the general laboratory frogs are swimming in alcohol, their last bath, while skeletons of their friends are variously mounted for the edification of students. On the blackboard a set of examination questions indicates that several incipient "broilers" have been lost to the gastronomic world by the merciless processes of the student's knife. In a large lecture-room three gentle girls in cap and gown are hastily scribbling down in the familiar marbled note-book a lecturer's remarks on the muscles of a bird's eye. And just outside, on the lawn, some unscientific, healthy, crimson-breasted robins are singing merrily, with their eyes wide open to the prospects for breakfast, while a busy chorus of workmen add the cheerful "chip, chip, chip" of the chisel on the huge stones that will one day be builded into Pembroke Hall, East.

In the advanced laboratory all sorts of creeping, crawling, and flying things, foreign and native-born, in full outfit of physical development, or else represented by heart, lungs or liver, head, feet or fins, testify to the well-earned degrees of their executioners.

Besides Taylor and Dalton, there are four residence halls and the little brick gymnasium on the Bryn Mawr campus. Of the four halls Merion is the oldest, and is called the "mother hall." Radnor stands next in point of age, and handsome Denbigh, only three years old, is looking a trifle askance at the noble, castellated walls of Pembroke, which, when complete, will lead all others in size. At Radnor and Merion you will find many graduate students, certain rooms in each being reserved especially for them.

Let us spend an hour in beautiful Denbigh, which faces the west, and has an easterly outlook on a fine forest and the well-known woodland path to the old Harriton cemetery.

A touching evidence of the general uprightness of this household of seventy women is seen in the well-filled, unguarded umbrella-rack at the door. A spacious drawing-room for guests is at our right, and on the left a parlor for students, where, at this hour—eleven in the morning—a maid is placing trays of biscuits and milk for the benefit of students whose degrees, either at hand or in prospect, do not ward off the cravings of hunger. On the walls hang pictures of the old Welsh castle of Denbigh, for which this peaceful modern dwelling was named, and each of the other dormitories borrows its title from a similar source. On either side of the broad hall, doors open upon dainty parlors, and windows open beyond to cheery pictures of sky and distant hills, with nearer glimpses of forest and lawn, all in fresh June foliage. Legends and souvenirs of all sorts line the walls of these cozy students' parlors. "The Lodgings of Bob Acres," on a great placard over one door, recalls dramatics in the gymnasium, when this demure young victim of the "group system" personated the nervous duelist. College banners, tea-tables with china and silver galore (one hundred spoons is the treasure of one table), divans covered with Bagdad and luxurious with pillows of all kinds; pictures of merit, plaster casts, amateur photographs of related "groups" in dramatic costumes; stately volumes holding up the dignity of the college in their handsome cases; a suggestive motto, "Early to Bed and Early to Rise," in easy characters, and pretty draperies, combine to form an inviting picture of the student's home life at college. At the door you may, perhaps, see a small lantern which the freshman student receives, on entering, from the sophomore class, and which is supposed to light her way through the mazes of college life. The lantern has come to stand for the Bryn Mawr emblem, and the very creditable college periodical bears the name.

The scholastic cap and gown of the English universities are almost universal at Bryn Mawr, though the cap is usually left in the room or carried in the hand, for the Bryn Mawr girl is not a martyr to her complexion. At the hour for morning chapel you may see the dignified, picturesque gowns floating out toward Taylor Hall from Merion, Radnor, Pembroke, and Denbigh, the short sleeve indicating the undergraduate, while the owner of a degree wears a sleeve reaching to the foot of her gown. Objections are sometimes offered to the use of this uniform dress, but it has many advantages. As a matter of economy it is to be commended. The season of balloon sleeves, for example, has no terrors to the wearer of the student's gown; for last year's wardrobe, still fresh and pretty, is free from reproach under the friendly protection of the fine black serge or nun's veiling which forms a summer and winter costume. The becoming black mortar-board cap is equally universal in its application to fashions and seasons. The difficulties of a graduating student of small means, who feels compelled to indulge in a handsome commencement costume, are not known here, since a handsome black gown, whose black silk hood is lined with white fur, is furnished each graduate for use on the important occasion. And here it may be said that, as the majority of Bryn Mawr students are from the noble ranks of the self-supporting, many studying here as the result of their own efforts, and many others looking to self-support, the question of dress is very wisely not prominent. The gown is a great leveler.

Simplicity in dress, life at all times near to the free air of lawn, forest, and the open country, and the absence of difficult, exacting social functions, characterize the life of the Bryn Mawr student. Small teas are very popular; receptions are given at stated times by faculty and students; a grand college breakfast in the gymnasium is tendered the graduating class the day before commencement, and a few other social occasions are sufficient to preserve familiarity with the conventionalities of life, and do not interfere with the high ideal of mental accomplishment which the Bryn Mawr girl ever holds in sight, and which she attains about as often as other college students.

But the chief point of difference between Bryn Mawr and her older sister colleges is in the special courses and the graduate work, offered elsewhere but more generally pursued here than in most colleges.

Despite the growing fancy for a college education among girls of social tastes, few frivolous girls find their way through the rigid examination walls which guard Bryn Mawr. Work is earnest and faithful; culture is sought for culture's sake. According to the group system of study which prevails here, each student may elect her own group, by advice of the dean, and elect, also, the time in the course when she will pursue it. This system annihilates, to a great extent, the usual class lines. No instruction is offered in music, and but slight attention, in the form of a few lectures in architecture and the history of art, is bestowed upon art. The time spent by other women's colleges on these branches, Bryn Mawr devotes to the purely academic studies. Courses for special work in philosophy, literature, science, and history are especially strong and valuable, and are always well patronized.

The casual visitor leaves the beautiful college campus with regret. Life so simple, sweet, inspiring, happy, and healthful is not too often found. The town itself, ten miles out from Philadelphia, is one of that city's loveliest suburbs, and is excellently adapted for the location of an institution of learning.

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

### Roses in California.

HAVE been all about the world," said the late Mayor Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago, in Los Angeles a few winters ago, "and have seen nowhere else such marvelous floral displays as nature makes on every hillside and through the valleys and cañons of southern California. The rose is the unquestioned queen of the

great floral kingdom here. Nowhere in Europe or America is there anything in vegetation that compares with the California roses."

No picture, no word-painting, no poetry has ever adequately told the beauty and luxuriance of the roses of southern California in their season of full bloom—in March and April. Go where you will, turn your eyes in any direction, and there are scenes gorgeously colored by thousands of roses. The most delicate tea-roses, the rarest *Maréchal Niel*, and the most royal *Marie Van Houtte* grow beside the door of the lowliest mountain cabin, while the climbing roses of the

most exquisite variety clamber with tropical luxuriance up the sides of old barns, and even adorn deserted cattle- and horse-corral. In some localities there are literal thickets of *La Marque*, *Rainbow*, and *Clare Carnot* roses that would bring hundreds of dollars to their careless owners every winter season if the floral crop could be gathered and sold in New York or any Eastern city. On the roads into Los Angeles and about Pomona there is, in the aggregate, fully a mile of thick hedges of *Maréchal Niel*, *Cherokee*, and *Jacqueminot* roses.

The remarkable luxuriance of roses, as well as of other varieties of vegetation in southern California, is accounted for by the fact that rarely is there a touch of frost, and the soil, in itself of extraordinary fertility, has the quality of holding moisture well and giving it up to the plant life when needed. Vines, plants, bushes, and trees which flourish in a temperature that only a few times a year goes below thirty-seven degrees above zero, suffer no set-backs of climatic vicissitudes, and from the day of their germination until extreme old age have nothing to do but grow, grow, grow, season after season and year after year.

In some of the rose gardens in this region, particularly through the San Gabriel and Pomona valleys, there are grown over one hundred and fifty separate and distinct varieties of roses. In the well-known Skinner rose garden in Pomona one hundred and seventy-eight varieties of roses blossom for a month or two every year, while twenty-two varieties (imported from Japan and islands in the Mediterranean) are in bloom ten months out of twelve. The confusion of a wealth of color and the sense of boundless profusion that a visit to these southern California rose gardens begets is inexpressible.

But there are not only rose-bushes in southern California, but veritable rose-trees, and some of the latter have trunks six inches in diameter and are twenty feet high. Often an arbor has been built to support the climbing roses planted by its side, and the structure is in a year or two completely covered by the network of branches and blossoms, while long, graceful branches droop to the ground. In the season of flowers, as one stands at a distance and looks against these rose-arches, they present a picture of flowing cataracts of bloom.

On scores of streets of the older towns, as Santa Barbara, Riverside, and Santa Ana, there are rows of pepper-trees, up whose shaggy bark *Cloth of Gold*, *Beauty of Glazenwood*, and *Deviniensis* roses have been planted and trained to climb so tightly as to conceal the trunk from sight. In the months of blossoming roses there can hardly be a more royal sight than a row of these pepper-trees, enveloped from the earth clear to the branches in a mantle of thousands of roses of all imaginable hues, and bearing aloft ponderous branches of fine, thick green foliage. Painters and photographers have sought in vain to represent the combination of color presented in such scenes as these.

The rapid growth of all rose plants is a matter of astonishment with all new-comers to southern California. There are hundreds of climbing roses that have grown twenty-five and thirty feet in three years. At the Arlington in Santa Barbara there is a climbing rose-bush some twenty years old, whose almost innumerable branches cover an area of over two thousand square feet on the long side of the hostelry. Each of its four main trunks, a yard above the roots, is five inches in diameter, and a common trick of people in Santa Barbara is to be photographed sitting on a curve made by one of these trunk branches. At Riverside there is a *La Marque* rose-bush, fourteen years old, that has twisted its huge branches serpent-like about the trunk of a mammoth pepper-tree. It follows each limb of the tree out to the end, so that in the weeks of rose blooming the tree looks like a stupendous bouquet of green flecked with tens of thousands of white roses.

Climbing roses that bear ten thousand to twelve thousand blossoms at a time are common in every locality in southern California. There are some of the bushes about ten years old in Pomona valley that have annually for several years borne from twenty thousand to thirty thousand blossoms at a time. There is in Ventura a magnificent specimen—a white *La Marque* rose. It was planted from a cutting in November of 1876, and has been trained over a large arbor. Its main stem, immediately above the ground, measures two feet and nine inches in circumference. Two branches start from it, and each is two feet and one inch in circumference. It has been cut back and pruned heavily each year, and last year over a wagon-load of prunings was taken away from it. For several years the girls and boys of Ventura have every March and April counted the number of blossoms on this mammoth bush. In five years there have annually been over fourteen thousand roses, and last April they numbered 21,640. Botanists say they can discover no signs of degeneracy, due to old age or rare fecundity, in the wonderful plant. HENRY G. TINSLEY.







GOLD OF OPHIR ROSE-BUSH, POMONA, CALIFORNIA.  
PLANTED IN MARCH, 1886.



ROSE-COVERED COTTAGE OF DR. RADEBAUGH, POMONA.



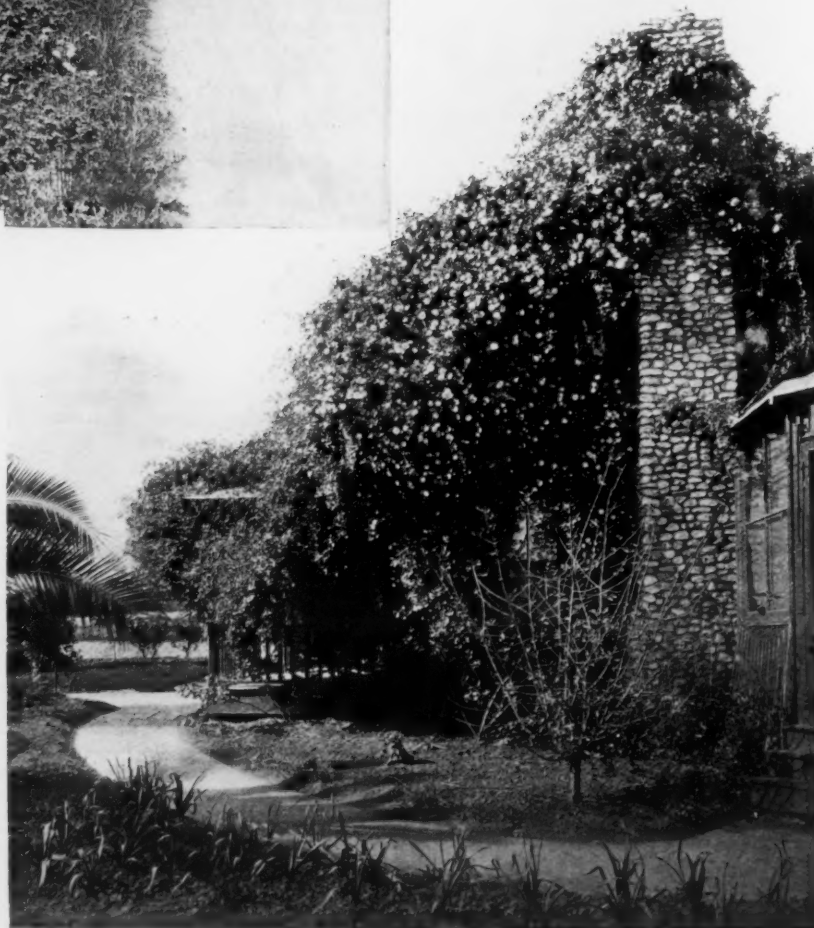
A PASADENA ROSE GARDEN.



LA MARQUE ROSES AT COTTAGE OF  
MRS. BARCLAY.



GOLD OF OPHIR ROSE-BUSH, TWENTY-FIVE FEET IN DIAMETER, AT RESIDENCE OF  
H. N. RUST, SOUTH PASADENA.



CHEROKEE ROSES IN GARDEN OF DR. HODGE, POMONA.

In some of the gardens in this region, particularly through the San Gabriel and Pomona valleys, there are grown over one hundred and fifty separate and distinct varieties of roses. In one garden in Pomona one hundred and seventy-eight varieties of roses blossom for a month or two every year.

THE FLORAL WEALTH OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—UNEQUALED DISPLAY OF ROSES IN MARCH AND APRIL—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HULL—[SEE PAGE 233]



## BISMARCK'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

THE honors paid to Otto von Bismarck-Schönhausen on the occasion of his eightieth birthday (April 1st), attested in a striking way the high place which the greatest living European statesman holds in the regard of the German people and of other continental nations. Even the refusal of the Reichstag to join in the popular congratulations did not detract from the magnificence of the popular tribute, that action being rightly interpreted as representing only the animosities of men with whom personal antipathies count for more than civic gratitude or national obligations.

On this eightieth natal day the iron ex-chancellor, whose wrath was wont to shake emperors and parliaments, appeared bent beneath the weight of grief and age. Prince Bismarck has said about all he can ever say in the limited span allotted mortal man. Whatever be his faults—and they are more than a few—Bismarck has ever been a God-fearing man, with deep, religious convictions and a fair sense of right and wrong, although not over charitable. Since

hours. It was more interesting to observe Bismarck when making one of his great speeches than to listen to him. His words were far stronger and made much more of an impression in cold type than when they fell from his lips. This shows their inherent force and weight. His delivery was slow; he always used the exact word, and his facts were marshaled in clear and lucid order. When he first rose to speak a great silence used to fall upon the Reichstag; not even a whisper was heard, and the deputies of all shades of political opinion crowded as closely as possible around him, fearful lest they might lose a single syllable of what he said. Bismarck had little or no rhetorical action. His motions were not graceful, his voice was husky and unmusical, and some of his sentences were as long as those of our own Everts. When attacked by some keen opponent he grew nervous, shifted his seat, his pen shook between his fingers, and very often his hand would go menacingly to his sword-hilt; for Bismarck, while he was the first civil officer in the empire, was



PRINCE BISMARCK IN UNIFORM.

the death of his wife, not long ago, he is fast preparing for the inevitable end. Full has been his measure of success, and fortunate in the extreme the timely precautions of his devoted friend, Professor Schwenninger. One by one his old comrades have been called by the inexorable hand of destiny. The aged Emperor, William I., whom he venerated; noble Frederick, whom he feared; Marshals Roon, Manteuffel, and Moltke, his comrades in the fight; and after his intimate friend, Lothar Bucher, at last cruel fate took his wife away, leaving the aged mourner in the Saxon forest to greet admiring throngs, the Emperor foremost among them, on the natal anniversary, alone, bent beneath saddest grief, the common heritage of prince and beggar alike.

Yet it seems as if but yesterday when last I saw him in the heyday of his glory, as Germany's idol, holding a Parliament spellbound, and the nation fairly hanging on his lips. In the old Reichstag building on Leipziger Strasse I have often listened to his harangues, for Bismarck never was an orator like Conkling or Blaine. But though he makes no pretensions to being a speaker, he was such in reality, as is shown by the fact that on important occasions he held the floor for several hours at a time.

I recall that on one occasion, some years ago, he held the floor one and three-quarters

at the same time a general of cavalry, and used to wear his undress uniform in the Reichstag.

When aroused his ebullitions of passion were frequently terrible. His great frame quivered with emotion, and his gray-blue eyes flashed fire as he turned toward the benches of his adversaries and demanded to know who it was that hissed him. Scenes of this character, however, were of rare occurrence in later years. He was merciless in retort, unsparing of persons, no matter their age, their personal services to himself or to the empire. He possesses a caustic humor, which he used with great effect. A master of invective, his coarseness of speech very often defeated his own object.

Prince Bismarck was seen to best advantage in his celebrated informal receptions, and in his home life. He is a man of striking personal appearance still. He is six feet two inches in height, and of splendid proportions in every respect. His head is very large, of great breadth and well-shaped, and rests on a great neck, which rises firmly above his giant frame. The forehead is large and bold, the lower half seamed and furrowed, the upper portion bald and shiny. The eyes are full, steel-blue in color, and protrude far out from the brows, which are covered with great bunches of hair. The nose is large and aristocratic-looking, the mouth firm, and covered by a heavy grizzled mustache; the jaws, which appeared to have the

solidity of iron, are now considerably caved in, and converge in a finely-cut chin. The expression of the face is solemn, earnest, inexorable, implacable. No charity, no leniency, nothing but the iron will. In the studio of Professor Schaper I saw the busts of Bismarck, Moltke, and Richard Wagner. To my inquiry Professor Schaper said: "Of the three heads Wagner has much the largest; Moltke's is remarkable for its beautiful symmetrical and perfect poise, while Bismarck's is remarkable for its rugged bulk and strength, and for its abnormal breadth above the ears, which, according to phrenologists, would indicate combativeness. At any rate, a Berlin latter tells me, as the result of his craniological examinations, that of all German tribes the Mecklenburgers have the broadest heads, but that no Mecklenburger wears so large a hat as the landlord of Friedrichsruhe."

Many delegations from all over the fatherland and the United States as well, presented congratulations in person during the anniversary week, and Friedrichsruhe—a little, unpretentious village about half an hour's ride by rail from Hamburg—witnessed a pageant the like of which has never taken place on this continent. In his quiet retreat in the so-called "Schloss," which is but another name for a plain farm-house, the aged chancellor lives, absolutely retired since he buried his wife, some months ago. He will see none except the most intimate of friends, and he has lost all interest in his literary labors, as in every question of the day. Indeed, I am told his hands have become so nervous as to preclude the possibility of using a pen, and the congratulatory letter which he sent to his sovereign, the Emperor, on the latter's birthday last January, was written with a pencil. In view of this condition, none but the most intimate are admitted, and Professor Schwenninger continues in daily communication with Friedrichsruhe.

His life at the latter place, as at Varzin, is conducted with clock-like regularity. He rises at ten o'clock, is rubbed down by his valet, Primow, a faithful Pommeranian, who entered the Prince's service before the Berlin Congress. This is followed by a light breakfast and a stroll in the park. Tyras and Rebecca, the famous hounds, trot along from the castle behind him, each with head and tail submissively depressed. They look harmless enough in their old age, but, like their master, they have lost little of their old-time ferocity. "You see, everything around me is growing old," he said to a friend, recently. "My dogs, my horses, and myself; we are all going in the same direction." Bismarck walks very slowly now, and stoops noticeably. The wrinkles are deeper, the flesh is loose, and the cheeks have become thin, but his eyes shine as strongly under their snow-white brows as they did thirty years ago. From time to time the Prince rests on one of the many seats in the park, seated on a rubber blanket which the attendant adjusts for him. Then, lost in thought, he usually rests both hands on the crook of his cane and gazes into vacancy, frequently interrupted by prolonged sighs. Sometimes he marks figures and names in the earth, sometimes he lays his stick across his knees and plays with Tyras.

The family circle which assembled in Friedrichsruhe to congratulate the Prince was composed of the most intimate friends. In addition to the sons, Count Herbert and "Billy," and their wives and children, and Countess Rantzau, the only daughter, with her husband and children, there was, as usual, Dr. Chrysander, the secretary, the chief forester, Mr. Lange, and the professors, Schwenninger and Leubach. And to these two last named he is most indebted; for, while the former has helped to prolong his life to this ripe age, Lenbach, by common consent called "the modern Titian," with his incomparable skill has immortalized the man of blood and iron as only his master intellect can, and preserved his image for all time and futurity. Verily, each of these deserves a laurel wreath no less, and "after a thousand, thousand years" posterity will think on Bismarck only in connection with these two master minds as the inseparable companions of Germany's greatest chancellor.

"In blood and iron he makes his mark,  
So charge your glasses full—to Bismarck."

C. FRANK DEWEY.

Easter Lilies  
from Bermuda.

SNOW-WHITE bells greet us from every florist's window as we pass along the busy street, and few of us realize how long a journey they have come, or what infinite care has been taken to preserve their beauty.

Eight hundred miles away, beyond turbulent seas, they were first started on their little life's journey three years ago. Then the "flake" of the bulb was first planted, and it increased from year to year until it was a full-grown bulb when replanted last August, and it was then the root of the perfect lily bloom. Bulbs,

whether for lily or bulb exportation, are planted in August or September; the buds are gathered the middle or last of March, and the bulbs in July. This industry of Bermuda has been a constant source of strife among the growers; for the exportation of lilies injures the lily-bulb trade, and there is more money in the exportation of bulbs. Lately a combine has been formed among the larger growers—a kind of trust—by which the exportation of the lilies is discouraged.

Just now Bermuda is a fairy-land. Fields and fields of snow-white lilies lie on every side, all in full bloom, and surrounded by dark-green oleander hedges loaded with their masses of wax-like pink blossoms—and the air is heavy with the odor of the blooms. A view of a lily-field by moonlight is an almost unearthly sight, so dazzlingly, transparently white it seems; and the pleasure-seeker counts this excursion one of his greatest treats in Bermuda.

When lilies are picked for exportation they are cut while buds, each bell is wrapped in moss, and then they are packed in boxes containing from sixty to one hundred, and from two to three thousand boxes are shipped annually. They sell in Bermuda for two dollars a box, and are warranted to arrive in the United States, Canada, or England in good condition. Enormous bunches are sometimes grown, as we see in the illustration of one stalk containing seventy-two blossoms. Great care is used in the packing, and greater in the growing. They are subject to the "disease," as the growers call a blight which sometimes falls upon them, but their greatest enemy is the snail. Ducks are kept in large numbers to destroy these, and the soil must be constantly turned and weeded.

The majority of our Easter lilies come to us thus from Bermuda, so our stately friend, nodding his head in conscious beauty, is well worth a thought aside from his picturesque charm, for he is the outcome of unceasing care for years, and he has journeyed from afar, from an ideal home among the coral, to shed his fragrance and glory upon us at this Easter time.

R. S. DIX.

## Easter Dawn.

ENTER, sun, this silent world!  
Let thy colors shake, unfurled,  
Down these pale green miles of sky,  
On this pale green sea to lie.  
Not a murmur breaks the still  
Of the forest on yon hill;  
Scarce a ripple round my prow  
As the sea I softly plow.  
Here the jelly-fish has spread  
His umbrella o'er his head,  
And the olive kelp things pass  
Noiselessly, on liquid glass.  
In the distance, sweet and dim,  
All the enchanted islands swim,  
And the large, white morning star  
Watches o'er the western bar.  
Lean aside, ye domes of snow—  
Let the proud sun enter slow,  
As befits a royal king!  
Now behold how everything  
Of a sudden springs to life—  
With keen passion swiftly rife!  
How the ripples laugh and speak,  
Sliding lengthwise, cheek to cheek;  
How the radiant colors run  
Up before the mounting sun;  
How is tipped with crimson fire  
Every slender forest spire;  
How the gray rocks, creased and worn,  
By the tides of centuries torn,  
Lift their barren breasts and turn  
Dumbly to the light, and burn;  
How the islands flame like brass  
On a floor of tinted glass,  
And the frozen mountains speak  
With blazing signals, peak to peak.  
Now the small waves shine and sing  
As round my prow they lip and cling;  
By a faint scent wandereth  
Sweeter than a woman's breath,  
And a flush burns in the South  
Warmer than a woman's mouth.  
Every bird on yonder hill  
With his full notes breaks the still—  
God's inspired chorus! Hark!  
Robin, thrush, song sparrow, lark.

Lo, it is the Easter dawn!  
Lo, it is the holy dawn!

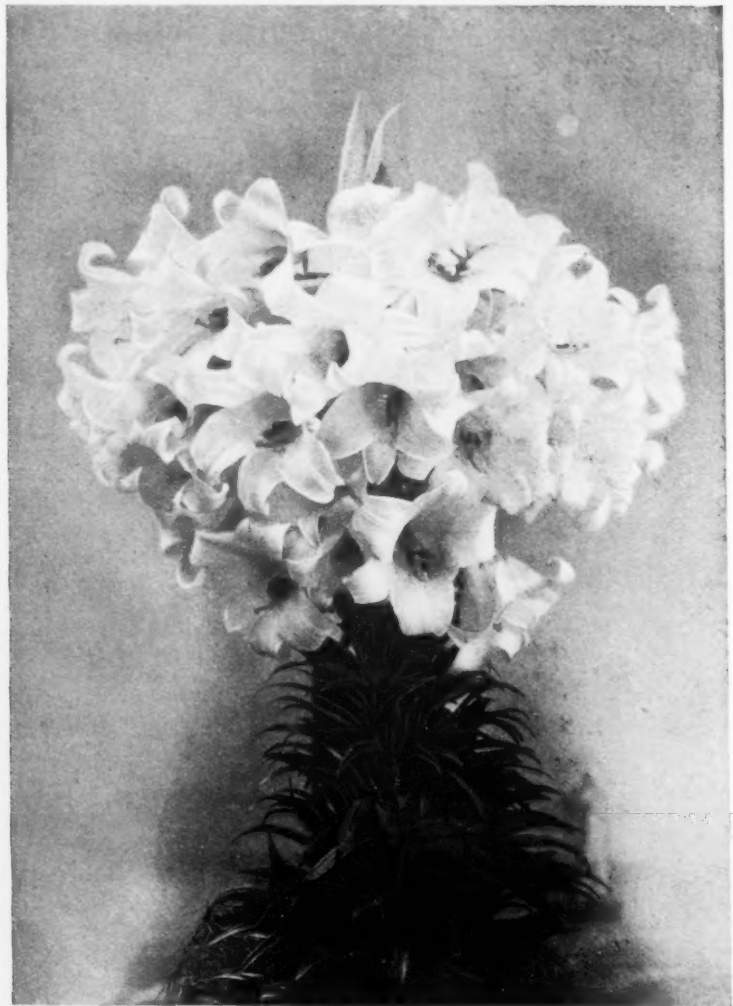
Not in church with incense sweet  
May I hope my Lord to meet—  
Where the finest choirs are sought,  
Where the finest pews are bought;  
Where the longing ones are dumb,  
Where the ragged must not come;  
Where the sinful and the worn,  
And the woman passion torn,—  
Hollow-eyed and lippled with gray,—  
See the rich skirts drawn away  
By a hand immaculate—  
Lest one touch contaminate.  
Rather, let me steal apart,  
With a full and trembling heart,  
Where dumb things unite in praise  
Of this holy day of days,  
And in places pure as this  
Kneel, His tortured feet to kiss.  
Not one broken, dying flower  
Do I offer in this hour,  
But my lifted, shaking hands  
Bear offerings He understands;  
And I feel His palm in mine,  
And I drink His breath like wine.  
O, my soul, mount high and sing!  
O, my soul, mount high and sing!

ELLA HIGGINSON.





PACKING EASTER LILIES FOR SHIPMENT.



ONE STALK CONTAINING SEVENTY-TWO BLOSSOMS.



LILY-FIELD WITH PICKERS.

## EASTER LILIES FROM BERMUDA.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 235.]





THE FOUR HUNDRED TAKE TO THE BICYCLE—A SPRING PICTURE IN CENTRAL PARK.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINKINST.





GOING TO RECITATIONS.



STUDENT'S ROOM.



THE LABORATORY.



TAYLOR HALL.



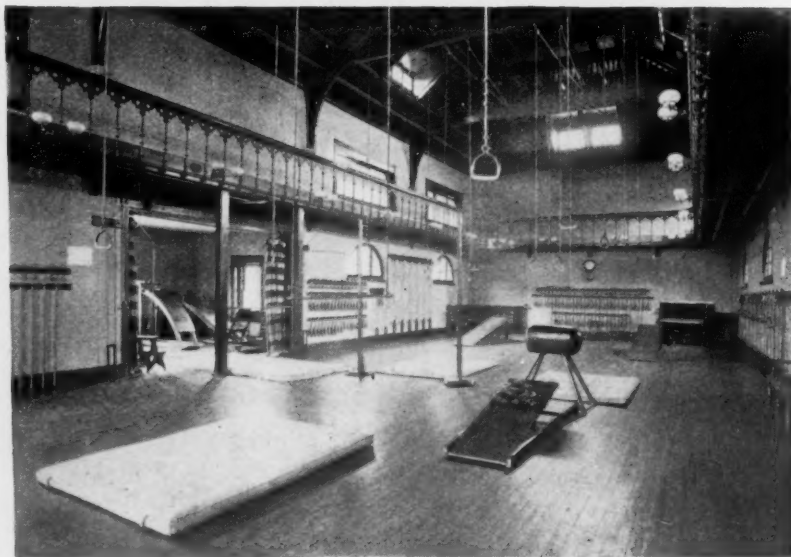
DENBIGH HALL.



A SMALL TEA.



PEMBROKE HALL.



THE GYMNASIUM.





MAXIMO GÓMEZ, ONE OF THE INSURRECTIONIST LEADERS, WHO FIGURED ALSO IN THE REVOLT OF 1868.



JOSÉ MARTÍ, CHIEF OF THE SEPARATIST PARTY IN THE PRESENT INSURRECTION.



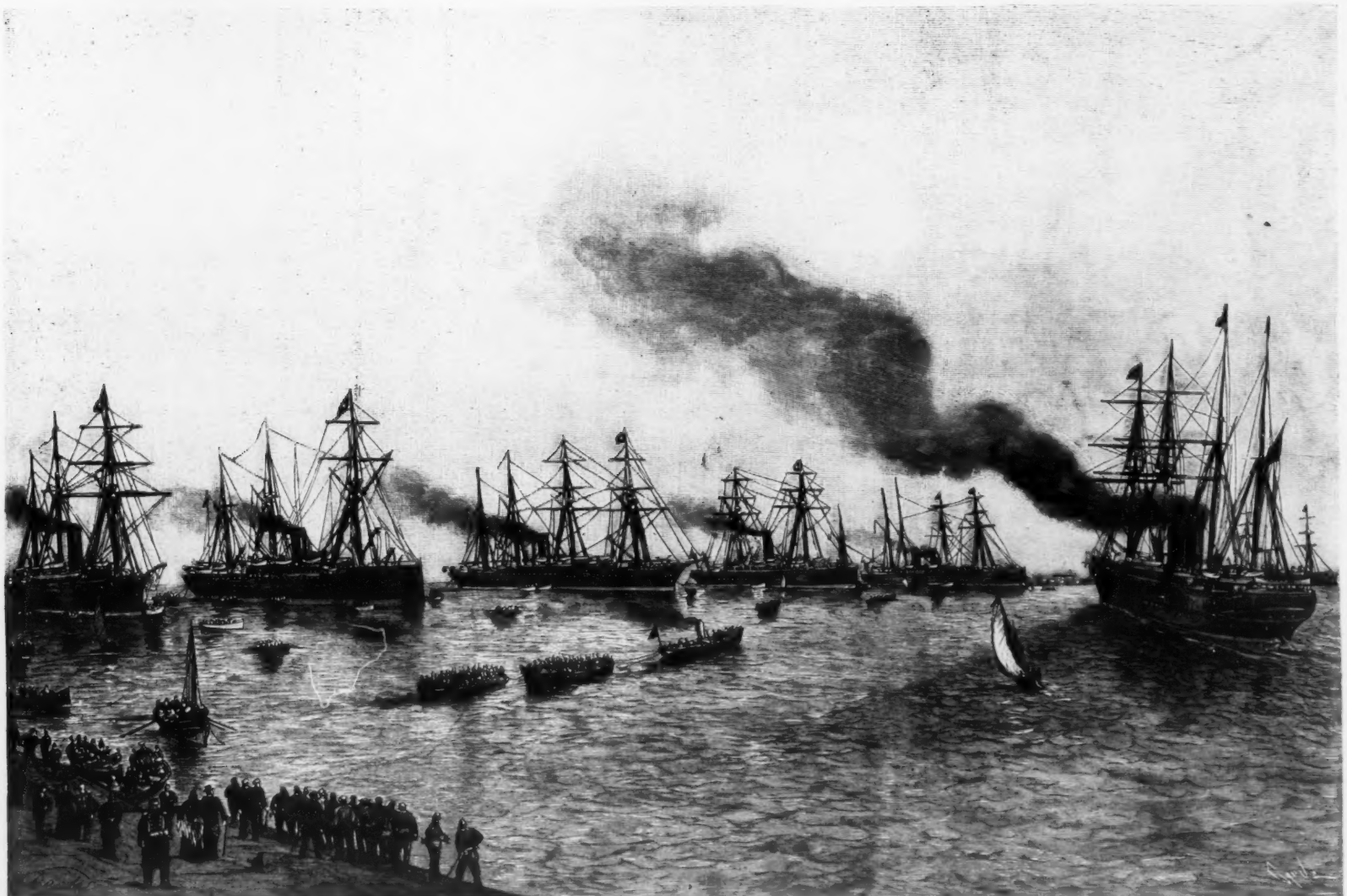
GENERAL JOSÉ LACHAMBRE Y DOMÍNGUEZ, MILITARY GOVERNOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, WHERE THE PRINCIPAL DISAFFECTION EXISTS.



JUAN GUALBERTO GÓMEZ, ORGANIZER OF THE NEGRO INSURGENTS.



GUILLERMO MONCADA (GUILLERMÓN), ONE OF THE INSURGENT CHIEFS.



SPANISH TROOPS DESTINED FOR CUBA, EMBARKING ON TRANSPORTS.

THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA.—From *La Ilustración Española y Americana*.



## Chicago People's Institute and Home Salon.

RIGHT in the centre of the broad "West Side" of Chicago, out toward the setting sun, where the flat prairie squares are but partly built up and the little frame dwellings of the workmen lie close under the shadow of the more pretentious mansions on the avenues, is located the first People's Institute of Chicago.

Organized much upon the plan of the London People's Palace, the Chicago project aims, as did Walter Besant, at "the encouragement of social unity, high thought, and pure pleasure." The movement was started in 1892. A large frame "wigwam" on the West Side, which had been used during the Presidential campaign, was about to be demolished when a number of citizens proposed its retention as a public hall. Bishop Fallows labored with indefatigable zeal to interest public-spirited men in its preservation for beneficent objects relating to the people's welfare, and he succeeded; and, adopting something from the London idea, it was called the People's Institute. Then the World's Fair came on, and projects for a new building were postponed, but taken up immediately upon its close, and the present structure is the result. True, Chicago has no ancient and honorable (and wealthy) guild of drapers to give the institute of the common people one hundred thousand dollars down, and other purses to draw on to the tune of thirty thousand dollars per year, but the moneyed citizens of Chicago saw the need of establishing such an enterprise, and they came forward liberally. The present fine building, opened on St. Valentine's of this year, is the result. It is of light brick, three stories, one hundred and twenty-five by one hundred and fifty feet, and contains, on the ground floor, an auditorium seating over two thousand persons, a recital hall, café, lunch-room, and shops; and above stairs a large assembly-room for balls and social gatherings, lodge-rooms, lecture-room, class-rooms, club-rooms, etc. A gymnasium and bathing-rooms are projected. During the past winter an excellent course of entertainments has been given at a ten-cent admission, and several educational classes have been organized. Realizing the importance of manual education, the management looks forward to the opening of a trades-school as soon as the necessary funds can be provided. At present, however, the movement is limited to an introduction of two classes of society—"Gentlemen and ladies; the people." As these two classes become better acquainted, and find that neither have horns, they will drop class distinctions altogether and work for a common interest. In fact, at the People's Institute respectable men and women meet upon a common plane; all are the people. Perhaps one of the most interesting and important features of the institute is the Wednesday evening lecture, which is often a joint debate upon live questions of national or municipal politics, or social and financial questions. Thus the People's platform becomes the public forum for the discussion of free trade and protection, democracy and populism, single-tax and income-tax, profit-sharing and co-operation, individualism and socialism. By common consent the asperities of the stump are left behind, and meetings are conducted on the broad platform of the educational campaign. The question of Sunday opening has not been definitely decided, but it is hoped that eventually the reading-room at least will be thrown open to the public upon the only day that the workingman can call his own. An "independent and inter-denominational people's service" is conducted every Sunday evening, with short sermons and plenty of good music.

The president of the People's Institute is the Right Rev. Samuel Fallows, bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church, whose reputation as a "fighting parson" during the war, and as educator and pastor since the war, is well known. The secretary is the Rev. William G. Clarke, recently pastor of the Campbell Park Presbyterian Church, and the active head of the Society for the Suppression of Crime and other similar organizations, all of which posts he resigned to devote himself to the work of the People's Institute. The rest of the staff are laymen.

The Home Salon is the skirmishing-line of the People's Institute. Bishop Fallows, noticing the large numbers of respectable young men, clerks and others, frequenting the saloons for drinks and lunch, took counsel with himself whether many of these would not patronize a temperance saloon if as good food and as refreshing drinks were offered as cheaply. As an experiment he opened the Home Salon in a basement recently occupied by a beer saloon, just opposite the *Herald* building, on Washington Street. Here a bar was fitted up in regulation style, except that in place of the ballet-dancer picture is seen the benignant smile of Neal Dow and Miss Willard, and in place of the mustached bar-tender there is a trio of beattified barmaids to wait upon the astonished caller for



SPRING COSTUME FROM PARIS.

drinks. Besides the usual list of root-beer, orange cider, and other more or less mysterious and innocuous decoctions usually found at the Woman's Christian Temperance Union stands, there is one which has become a special favorite, and is dubbed "the bishop's beer." This is an innovation by the reverent keeper of the place, and is designed to have every property of good malt beer except the alcohol, even to the frothy cap. There is the usual free lunch, and also tables where a lunch of meat, vegetables, coffee, and bread-and-butter is served for ten cents. The Home Salon has been a "howling success" from the start, and several others are now under way in various parts of the city. A convenient feature which is approved by many is the "lunch-book" of fifty tickets, which are bought at a discount, and may be used by the buyer, given out to his clerks, or handed to unfortunate on the street who petition for "a nickel to get a bite to eat."

Thus the People's Institute and the Home Salon are intended to work together to feed soul and mind and body in a manner to degrade none but to elevate all.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

## Spring Costume from Paris.

MODES may come and modes may go, but the princess robe is always more or less *en vidence*. A beautiful example of this is given in the illustration this week, which pictures a robe of white Peking silk striped with katydid green.

The exaggerated sleeves taper closely to the wrist, and the bodice shows an exquisite draped collar of white satin, embroidered in jets and garnished with a knife-pleated border of black *mousseline de soie*. The centre front is filled

in with the *mousseline*, accordion pleated. The points of the revers terminate in loops and floating ends of black satin ribbon. A collar band of the *mousseline* shows two full *choux* of the same beneath the ears.

The accompanying toque is made of katydid-

green mirror velvet, with *choux* of black satin, and parrot wings at the front.

The parasol is in white *mousseline de soie* draped over this same brilliant green taffeta, with a finely carved handle of old ivory.

ELLA STARR.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### International Athletic Meeting.

THE first week in September will witness, undoubtedly, the most notable invasion of English amateur athletes this country ever shall have seen. Though nominal rather than "regular" members—in the common acceptance of the term—of the London Athletic Club, they will represent the actual amateur champions of the British Isles in the following events, which will go to make up the programme: The one hundred, two hundred and twenty, and four hundred and forty yard sprints; the half, one and five mile runs; the hammer and shot; the one hundred and twenty yards (high) hurdles, and the broad jump. The high-jumping contest, if undertaken by Williams, who, according to the *London Pastime*, has cleared at his best but five feet nine and one-half inches, will not be highly represented, the probability being that at least a couple of English amateurs in this event could do better by a couple of inches. Though the English team has not been officially announced, it will, among others, consist of such well-known athletes as Fry, holder of the world's long-jump record of twenty-three feet six and one-half inches jointly with the American, C. S. Reber; Shaw, of hurdle fame; Bradley, sprinter; Barry, hammer and shot; Horan, the great three-miler; Bredin in the quarter and half mile, and Lutzens in the mile.

By many the chances of this team winning

(Continued on page 242.)

WHEN Ponce de Leon sought to find  
The fountain giving back lost youth,  
It may be that he had in mind  
That draught which seems to make a truth  
Out of the fable ages old,  
For drinking it the old grow young;  
It is, indeed, a draught of gold,  
Surpassing all by poets sung.

The draught meant is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, of course. It is a most potent rejuvenator of the weakened and debilitated system. It drives out all poison, all impurity, enriches the blood, and makes the old and worn out feel young and vigorous. Ponce de Leon didn't discover it, but Dr. Pierce did, and he rightly named it when he called it a "Golden Discovery."

### A New Cure for Asthma.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal-card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

The Royal Baking Powder is indispensable to progress in cookery and to the comfort and convenience of modern housekeeping. Royal Baking Powder makes hot bread wholesome. Perfectly leavens without fermentation. Qualities that are peculiar to it alone.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.





PABST **MALT** EXTRACT  
Best Tonic



BLUE  
RIBBON

**P**ABST-

"Been sick?"  
"Nearly died."  
"Long sickness?"  
"Six weeks."  
"You look bad?"  
"Can't get strong."  
"Yes you can."  
"How?"  
"Take 'Best' Tonic."  
"What's that?"  
"Pabst Malt Extract."  
"Any good?"  
"Nothing like it."  
"How do you know?"  
"Tried it."  
"Do *me* good?"  
"Why, man, it's exactly, precisely, undeniably, indisputably, unquestionably, decidedly, conclusively, incontrovertably, what you want."  
"At druggists?"  
"Yes."

Write for five pretty little  
books, sent free.  
Mention this Publication,  
Address  
"PABST-MILWAUKEE," WIS.

**MILWAUKEE**

FROM CASKS  
ROTUND THE  
MELLOW BREW  
OF PABST  
SPRINGS PERFECT  
TO THE LIGHT  
FOR NATURE SURE  
AND SCIENCE TRUE  
CONSPIRE TO BREW IT RIGHT

SUPREME AWARD  
WORLD'S FAIR



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BREW. CO. CH.



# THE Autoharp



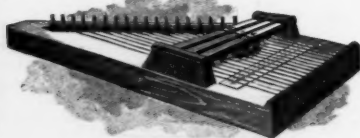
Is it an impertinence to suggest that the spring bird's song could be delightfully accompanied on the Autoharp? Ah, but you haven't heard the soft, delicious harmony evoked by a dainty sweep of the strings with the appropriate chord-bar pressed. It cannot help it any more than the bird. It is indeed an Autoharp.

What lover of music is not fascinated by those words,

## Easy to Play?

"Auld Lang Syne" for grandpa is as easy as the college-songs for the young folks. No teacher is necessary; to practice is a pleasure because no discord is possible.

It ranges in price from \$1.50 to \$150. If you doubt your ability there is very little risk in trying one of the smaller-priced instruments, and we know what the result will be. Our inexpensive styles are pictured in this advertisement with their descriptions.



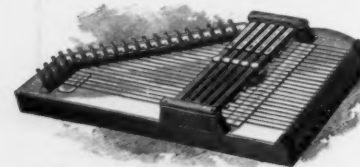
Style Harmonette. Price \$1.50.

Three Chord-bars, 18 strings. Instruction-book containing six pieces of music, tuning key, imitation tortoise-shell pick. Nicely packed. Send money order, postal note or stamps. Send 60 cents extra if you wish it sent by mail.



Style No. 1. Price \$4.00.

Highly polished redwood spruce sounding-board, 21 strings, 3 bars, producing the following chords: C-Major, G-Seventh, F-Major, A celluloid thumb-pick, music rack, instruction-book containing 11 pieces of music, brass spiral pick and tuning key furnished with each Autoharp.



Style No. 2½. Price \$5.00.

Highly polished redwood spruce sounding-board, 23 strings, 5 bars, producing the following chords: C-Major, F-Major, B-Major, G-Seventh and C-Seventh. Celluloid thumb-pick, music rack, instruction-book containing 22 pieces of music, tuning key, brass spiral pick furnished with every Autoharp.

If you cannot secure these styles of your local dealer, we will send C. O. D. We prepay express charges to any place in the United States on all Autoharps (never on the Harmonette), if money is sent with order.

Send for illustrated story: "How the Autoharp Captured the Family."

ALFRED DOLGE & SON,  
Dolge Building,  
133 E. 13th St., New York City.

## Amateur Athletics.

(Continued from page 240.)

the great international tourney, which, by the way, is scheduled for September 21st, is considered rosy. But leaving chances out of the question, this much is sure—If they do win, the victory will perch upon the standard of a purely representative English team. On the other hand, what will a victory for the New York Athletic Club mean, and in turn the defeat of the Englishmen? Nothing more nor less than a victory accomplished by an un-American team, or a defeat wherein the Englishmen might in truth remark, much to our chagrin, "Well, we have lost, but lost to a team which represents rather an all-world team; not an American team." Now can there be any real satisfaction, the kind that has its root in patriotism, in defeating this English team, when it cannot be said that every member of the American team was an American born and bred—who was raised on the soil and gained fame on the sod of America? When one considers Tommy Lee, that inestimable runner, who is not only the poetry of motion but the essence of a Yankee, all's well; nothing can be said. When such names as Sheldon and Jarvis, Kilpatrick and Sands are mentioned as competitors, you can almost hear the ring of the bullets at Bunker Hill or the reading of the Declaration of Independence.

But how about James Mitchell, who came to this country from Ireland in the 'eighties, when his throwing the hammer in his native land became perfected to such an extent that no more glory was attainable? What, indeed, of Gray, a prince of good fellows as well as king of shot-putters, yet a Canadian doing business in Canada, and (save a few weeks each year when it becomes necessary to win a championship for the New York Athletic Club) living in the Dominion? That Gray is an out-and-out amateur cannot be denied, no more than that he is a man who would grace by his conduct and bearing any team of athletes. But the fact that he is what he is—that's the question. Because Gray is a very popular member of the New York Athletic Club a victory by him over Barry would be immensely popular. But it is quite impossible to imagine any high degree of satisfaction in seeing a point in the shot event scored by Gray. How different, for instance, a victory by Hickok, of Yale, who stands for all that is American and non-professional.

Though James Mitchell has resided in this country seven years, perhaps more, not a heart in the breast of a single New York Athletic Club man would beat with pride when he had tossed the hammer to certain victory. If an American like Sergeant Fisher did it—well!

While it is not alone my opinion, but that of many of the members of the club, that Mitchell is not exactly the kind of amateur that would typify the most liberal definition of the word, he is not an American, nor has his accomplishment any relation or outcome whatsoever with American ideas.

Mitchell, in defeating Barry, would be defeating one of his own kin and kind, and Barry might well say afterwards, "Well, it took one of us to beat me; you did not dare to place against me a truly representative hammer-thrower." In competition with any contestant, for example, in American intercollegiate games, Barry could not make such an assertion. In victory he could crow but not sneer; in defeat he could only succumb gracefully without a word. Mitchell may be an American in his love of American ease and luxuries; he may have voted for the reform ticket entire last fall, but he is none the less an unworthy representative of the only kind of team which should in all fairness and patriotism be pitted against the Englishmen—to wit, an American team born and bred.

Tommy Conneff, it is said on good authority, is even now getting in shape at the New York Athletic Club, in anticipation of representing the club in the mile, and perhaps the five-mile run. Now Conneff may be recalled as the likely young Irishman who was brought over from the old country in 1888 to link fortune with the then flourishing Cherry Diamond or Manhattan Athletic Club. Though Conneff has not to my knowledge indulged his favorite sport since September of 1893, and for this and other sundry reasons may never again get within hailing distance of the four minutes and seventeen and four-fifths seconds made by him in 1893 in Cambridge, Massachusetts, still, as in the case of Mitchell and Gray, he is not a true representative of an American team. He is not a Jarvis, who learned to run in the clover-fields and the country roads of Connecticut, and says "Gol darn it"; neither is he a Stephen Chase, whose ancestors "fit" in the Revolution, and who shows his Yankee blood in his face, his talk, and his "get thar" method of making a race.

In order that a victory over the English team shall be a popular one, and upon which no reflections can be cast, it must be purely American. It matters not if the man be born of Irish parents, like Sweeney, the world's peer in high jumping (should he perchance represent the New York Athletic Club), for Sweeney was

born here, learned to jump here, and developed the strength and snap of his great right leg in an American way and according to American ideas.

Some may say that this is putting on the patriotism pretty thick, but it must be remembered that the coming international athletic event of the country is a great affair. The pride of Americans in all things American is great, but the dearest thing of all to us is the satisfaction in defeating a true son of England, the victor being the personification of all that is American. For this reason the cry has been raised, and answered, so it is said, that our cup-defender, which in September will meet either *Ailsa* or *Valkyrie III.*—probably the latter—in the defense of the America's Cup, shall be manned from stern to stern, from keel to truck, by an American crew, and not an all-world one, similar to that which sailed on *Vigilant*, both in her races in these waters in 1893 and in England last summer.

It might not be far from the truth were it said that Mitchell represents the New York Athletic Club simply because he is in all probability a sure winner in the hammer-throwing contest, as America cannot at present boast a son anywhere near his equal; and this is said with the kindest of feelings for Mitchell. But it would seem better to lose the event through the efforts, say, of a Hickok than to give the Englishmen the chance to throw some very indigestible mud when the games become but a matter of history.

It is generally conceded that both the London and New York clubs will bring into their respective folds any desirable man; hence it is fair to assume that the latter club will take their pick of the men who contest in the intercollegiate games this spring. Outside of the colleges there are certain amateurs and Americans who would strengthen the New York Athletic Club team wonderfully, and many are wondering now just how the New York Athletic Club will go about securing the desirable ones. Sweeney, the high jumper, is an example; Goff, the all-round champion athlete, is another; and Fred Puffer, of the New Jersey Athletic Club, a third—to say nothing of Keen, the down-east athlete who made such a favorable impression at Traver's Island last fall in the five-mile run.

In view of the fact that Chase, the New York Athletic Club hurdler, is at present *hors de combat*, due to a severe hurt of the right heel, and may never get back into his unapproachable form of last year—when he established the world's record of fifteen and three-fifths seconds—then Puffer would be a most valuable second man. Puffer, according to many knowing ones, has the making of a better man than

Chase. All he needs, so it is claimed, is a bit of Mike Murphy's training. In the low hurdles Puffer is a champion of three years' standing. Goff, in the broad and high jumps, would be most valuable, but—so the story goes—he is not just "in" with the New York Athletic Club men. Yet their team has not yet been announced, and probably will not be fully known for several months. But whatever be its personnel, it cannot meet with general approval with Mitchell, Gray, and Conneff as members. In conclusion it may be said, as opposed to this trio: Goff and Puffer are Americans from the ground up.

*A. T. Bull.*

## The War in the East.

It is probable that there will be no more serious fighting between the Chinese and the Japanese. The consent of Japan to arrange an armistice shows that she is disposed to listen to any fair proposals of peace, while China, on the other hand, is evidently satisfied that nothing is to be gained by prolonging the struggle. The impression is general that China will accept the conditions imposed by the conqueror, though there may be some delay in reaching a conclusion as to the concessions of territory which, it is understood, will be insisted upon. The fact that the armistice has been arranged by direct order of the Mikado of Japan will tend greatly to increase the respect of the civilized world for his sagacity and humanity as a statesman-like ruler.

## PERFUMES.

In this latter end of the nineteenth century, when luxury is the rule and the whole world contributes to make life enjoyable, the necessities are no longer plain meat, drink, clothes, and shelter, but also the various accessories that go to make us comfortable and "up to date."

We demand luxuries nowadays never dreamed of by our ancestors, and most of us have a refined discrimination in their use. Few toilets are now completed without a dash of sweet-scented toilet water in the bath or basin and a little perfume on the handkerchief, while the *fin de siècle* woman sews little sachet bags about her gowns and keeps her linen fragrant by the use of scented scarfs, on which it rests in her bureau.

It is true that there are men and women who use strong odors that are apparent to any one coming within a dozen feet of them, and are objectionable to many; but these are the same people that deck their persons with a profusion of showy jewels. Their peculiar desire to attract attention by such means must be due to some strain of Oriental blood.

As a rule, refined, cultivated people use perfumes for their own gratification only, and their use in this way is only apparent to others through the little wafts of sweetness which all will recognize, but are hard to describe.

In purchasing perfumes, therefore, it is better to pay attention to the delicacy and refinement of the odor and its resemblance to the flower which it is meant to represent, than to demand an odor which is merely strong.

**"You See Them Everywhere"**

will have far wider meaning with peerless, up-to-date Columbias at

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They are handsomer, stronger, lighter than ever—unequaled, unapproached.

Will you ride any other wheel?

You know you'll be satisfied if you buy a Columbia.

If you must have a lower-priced Bicycle, the best machines are HARTFORDS, \$80 and \$60 (\$50 for boys' and girls' sizes). Columbia Catalogue tells of all. Free at any agency, or by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

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**FACTORIES AND GENERAL OFFICES, HARTFORD, CONN.**  
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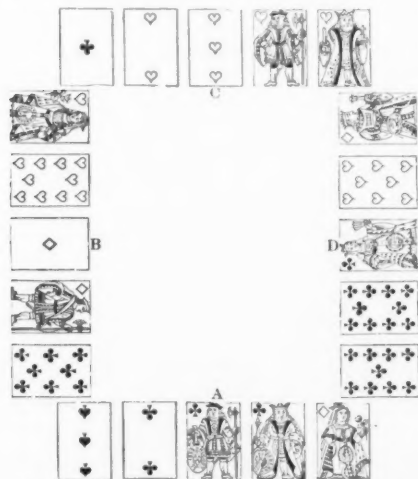
## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

### Whist Practice.

PROBLEM No. 12 turned upon forcing D to weaken one of his suits; the trick can be done by leading either king, but the following is the neatest line of the two: A leads club king, B the ace, C spade two, D club two. C leads spade five, D diamond nine, and A diamond king, so as to make C's eight good. Many failed to see this point, and gave A and C but four tricks. It was correctly solved by Messrs. W. Allen, G. E. Alden, A. Boekins, E. F. Bullard, "P. H. B.," Thomas Carr, J. W. Crawford, Thomas H. Clark, C. A. Dixon, Dr. Eastman, W. Falconer, P. Freemant, C. N. Cowan, O. Gifford, C. L. Greene, W. H. Haskell, E. W. Hoyt, Mary B. Hazard, H. H. Johnson, N. C. Isbel, M. L. Kimball, W. B. Keith, C. A. Moody, Mrs. H. T. Menner, E. J. Peck, O. J. Pape, A. Peckham, H. W. Pickett, A. G. Pitts, "A. R.," Porter Stafford, C. S. Stanworth, Ruby Scruggs, "Singleton," D. F. Stillmann, "A. J. S.," R. B. Sterrett, Dr. Tyler, C. K. Thompson, G. Watson, A. Weighl, G. W. Wiegand, and W. Young. All others were incorrect, or sent too late for acknowledgment.

Here is an odd little finish, given as Problem No. 17, which is likely to puzzle a veteran whistist before the idea is grasped:

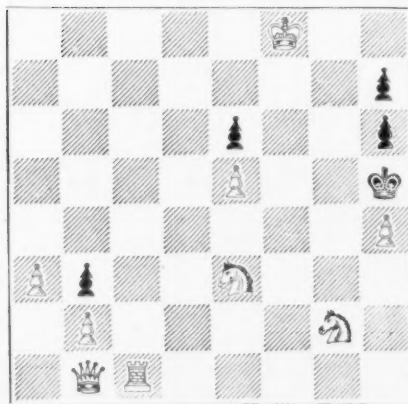


Diamonds trumps. A leads, and with his partner C takes how many tricks against any possible play?

### The Chess-Board.

PROBLEM No. 12. BY WORMALD.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 9. BY GANSSER.

White. Black.  
1 R to Q Kt 8 1 Q takes Q  
2 Kt to B 3 mate.

Correct solutions to this pretty problem were received from Messrs. J. Beck, Porter Stafford,

Dr. A. H. Baldwin, A. D. Ross, W. L. Fogg, C. Darby, E. H. Baldwin, T. Cox, J. Winslow, A. Odebrecht, C. H. Miller, B. Babcock, G. C. Kellogg, C. Dorr, and "B. B. S." All others, most of whom gave B to B 7, were incorrect. Several amateurs have favored us with contributions of problems which are hardly up to our standard of excellence. We are always pleased to encourage new talent and appreciate the interest taken in the chess corner, but owing to lack of space can only make room for problems of the very highest order.

EXACTLY.

BLINKER—"See that picture upon the wall there? That's a picture of me taken ten years ago. Notice anything queer about that picture?"

Soker—"Nothing except that it hangs crooked."

Blinker—"Most remarkable thing about that picture! Whenever I'm full that picture hangs crooked; and whenever I'm straight it's as straight as a die."

Soker—"Why, it's always crooked every time I'm here."

Blinker—"That's what I said."—Judge.

CORRECTING A REPORT.

MISS KEEDICK—"I hear that you are engaged to Mr. Hunker."

Miss Gaskett—"That is hardly correct. I have an option on him, though."—Judge.

AN INVARIABLE RULE.

MR. JIBLETS (in market, suspiciously)—"Did you kill this chicken, or did it die?"

Mr. Potts (positively)—"When I kill a chicken it invariably dies, sir."—Judge.

THE GARDEN PLOT.

SPRING with its frosts and showers

Frustrates the noblest deeds;

The maid who now sows flowers

Will soon be reaping weeds.—Judge.

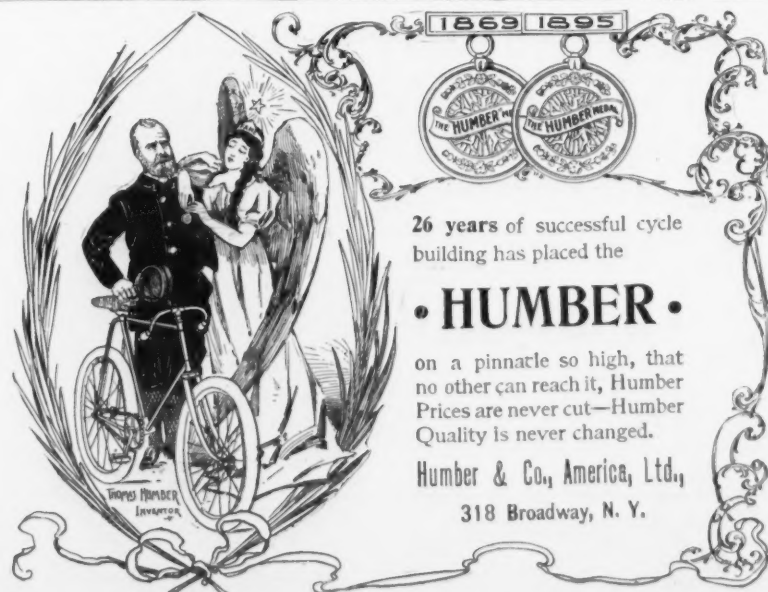
NOT A STREET-CAR.

PHOTOGRAPHER—"It will be two dollars extra for your little boy in the picture, madam."

Sitter—"What! if I hold him in my lap?"—Judge.

WAVERLEY GREETING.

EVER since the manufacture of bicycles began in America there has been a continual demand for a strictly high grade machine at prices not to exceed two-thirds of that asked by the high-grade makers already in the field, and when we undertook, two years ago, to build a wheel to supply this popular demand, our goods were, at first, looked upon with some suspicion. The Waverley has gone through the seasons of 1893 and 1894 leaving a proud and honorable record. We believe, from what our agents tell us, who handle all of the other makes as well as ours, that there has been less breakage or trouble reported from the use of the Waverley than from any other high-grade machine sold in the world. We have continually received letters of praise from our agents, in which they stated that although our wheel was listed and sold at from forty dollars to sixty-five dollars below those of other high-grade makers, they gave far better satisfaction and caused much less trouble than any line they ever handled, regardless of price. The name "Waverley" has become a synonym of the term "high grade." Every wheelman has a good word for it, because they respect our efforts to supply a machine of such superior grade at the greatly reduced price, while every manufacturer calmly takes his hat off and acknowledges the merits of the Waverley by reducing his own list prices to within a reasonable distance of ours. They cannot meet us and maintain as high a standard, because of our unusual facilities for the production of strictly high-grade machines. In the past we have been content to merely equal the standard of our competitors, giving our patrons the advantage of greatly reduced prices. In the production of our '95 model, however, we were determined to build a wheel that would soon establish for itself the reputation of being the highest of all high grades, and we cheerfully recommend the '95 models to you as being constructed of the very best material that money will buy or human brains devise, and as being built by the best class of mechanics obtainable, under the supervision of the most competent heads known to the bicycle trade. While many, in fact most all, of our competitors close their factories during the fall and winter months, thus allowing their mechanics to become scattered over the entire country, necessitating the employment of new and generally inexperienced and incompetent hands, we do not. Our factory runs the year round, and our force is therefore always on the up grade; hence, in buying the '95 Waverley, you can depend upon it as being the leading high-grade bicycle manufactured in the world. Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A.



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THE NEW INTERLINING

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IS THE VERY LATEST.

AT THE SEASHORE PUFFED SLEEVES  
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Remember, FIBRE CHAMOIS should be used in Puffed Sleeves and Skirts, if you wish to be "up to date." See that in your Spring and Summer clothes FIBRE CHAMOIS is the interlining. Waists and skirts, though carelessly packed and left for some time in a trunk, will readily shake out to their proper shape if lined with it, and will not remain rumpled or crushed, as do those interlined with crinoline or haircloth.

It does not cut the material into which it is sewn.

NOT AFFECTED BY DAMPNES.

COMES IN THREE WEIGHTS:

No. 10—LIGHT.

No. 20—MEDIUM.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.—

See that what you buy is stamped— "Fibre Chamois."

For Sale at the Lining Department of all Dry Goods Stores.

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We have a very select lot of Foreign Suitings in black, blue and Oxford gray Diagonals, black, blue and brown Vicunas, Scotch Cheviots in all colors, and one thousand different styles of English, French, Belgian and German fabrics, which we make to order for \$20.00. Good value at \$35.00.

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WHILE THE FIRE RAGED.

COLONEL BARLEY (of Kentucky)—"Keep cool, Maria. Just as soon as I take this keg of forty-year-old bourbon down I will be right back after you."—Judge.

THE NAPOLEONIC REVIVAL.

THE proprietor of a dime-museum in Chicago advertises "the only bust of Napoleon found in the ruins of Pompeii."—Judge.

AN OPTIMIST.

"WHAT miserable weather this is," said the pessimist.

"We ought to be thankful that we have any weather at all," replied the optimist.—Judge.

### Bridgeport Cyclometer.

MORE RELIABLE THAN A WATCH.

Simple and strong mechanism. Always works. Dust and water proof. Registers up to 10,000 miles, or can be set back to zero when desired. Easily read while riding. Invaluable to record distances between points visited, and to prevent overtaxing strength. Made for 25, 28, and 30 inch wheels. Three models. Prices greatly reduced.

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#### A CERTAINTY.

THINGS are coming to such a pass that pretty soon when we see a young man who is walking ahead of us carefully lift one coat-tail as he crosses the street we may feel morally certain that he is an advanced young woman.—Judge.

#### MISS KATE FIELD,

editor and owner of *Kate Field's Washington*, of Washington, D. C., a paper devoted to the cause of temperance, stated in a recent speech that the prohibition laws, as enforced in the several States, were not promoting the temperance cause, and her advice would be to make a moderate allowance of mild beverages. In her estimation this would help the temperance cause more than prohibition laws. Miss Kate's head is level, and as to mild drinks we recommend Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association's beer.

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 830 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

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should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for thirty years, and its value is recognized.

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It leads the world of travel in all things—In comfort, safety, luxury, and speed; It introduced block signals, and all else Tending to give, with safety, quickest time; The vestibule, electric lighting, baths, Ladies' maids, barbers, stock reports, buffets, Typewriters, dining, and observation cars—In short, "The Pennsylvania Limited." It gives to all desiring privacy, Compartment cars equipped par excellence. It is the shortest, quickest, best of lines From North and East to South and West. Hours from New York to Chicago, 23; Cincinnati, 21; St. Louis, 29. Others may emulate, but equal, none. THE STANDARD RAILROAD OF AMERICA.

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sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

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## TAMAR

A laxative, refreshing  
fruit lozenge,  
very agreeable to take, for

## INDIEN

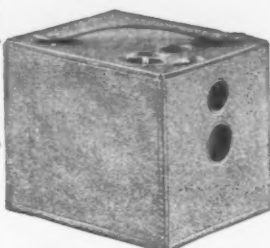
Constipation,  
hemorrhoids, bile,  
loss of appetite, gastric  
and intestinal troubles and  
headache arising  
from them.

## GRILLON

E. GRILLON,  
33 Rue des Archives, Paris  
Sold by all Druggists.

\$8.00

Size of  
Pictures,  
3 1/2 x 3 1/2 in.  
Weight of  
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21 OZ.



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A roll film camera that hits the mark every time.  
It's a repeater too; shoots 12 times and can be  
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The Bullet is fitted with our new automatic  
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Achromatic lens. Handsome finish.

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the pictures—but "we do the rest" when you prefer.

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need to know  
about a  
Bias  
Velveteen  
Skirt Binding.  
If "S. H. & M." is on  
the label of the bolt,  
TAKE IT.  
It's the kind that lasts as  
long as the skirt.  
For sale by all dry goods  
dealers.  
A set of the "S. H. & M." miniature figures showing  
the latest Parisian costumes  
with booklet on "How to Bind  
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The S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 600, N. Y.

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MANHATTAN, MARTINI,  
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We guarantee these Cocktails to be made  
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pounded in accurate proportions, they will  
always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails  
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the one which is aged must be the better.  
Try our YORK Cocktail—made without any  
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ounce bottle sent to any address, prepaid,  
for 40c.

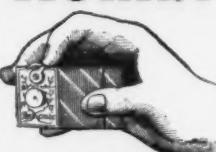
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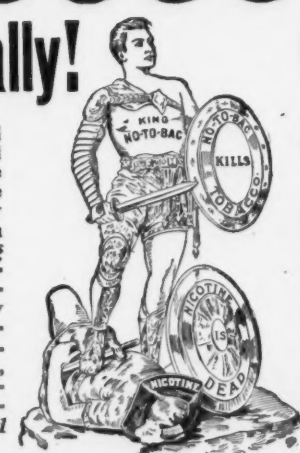


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Don't tobacco spit and  
smoke your life away, and  
go on suffering from nerve  
troubles that make the  
strongest man weak, dizzy  
and undecided, prevent him  
from doing the right thing  
at the right time, all be-  
cause the blood is tobacco-  
poisoned. The natural way  
to stop a thing is to get a dis-  
taste for it. You can stop na-  
turally this brain-weakening,  
nerve-ruining, tobacco dis-  
ease by the use of the original,  
time tested, guaranteed  
tobacco habit cure.



## NO-TO-BAC KILLS TOBACCO

You ask for proof? Test No-To-Bac under our absolute guar-  
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eliminates the nicotine, steadies the nerves, increases weight,  
makes the blood pure and rich, tingling with new life and energy.  
Gloomy days will be gone; the sunshine will be brighter. The  
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we can better afford to have the good will of an occasional failure, than his  
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**Dutch Cocoa.**  
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 It is a solid cake of scouring soap.  
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 A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A DELICACY IN DRINKS.  
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**DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED**  
 by my INVISIBLE Tubular Cushtons. Have helped more to good HEAR than all other devices combined. Whispers HEARD. Help ears as glasses do eyes. **F. HILCOX, 855 B'dway, N.Y.** Book of proofs FREE

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**Finest Dressing and Best Tonic FOR THE HAIR.**  
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 It is a most refreshing lotion after exposure to the sun. It cools the skin, and removes the smart of SUNBURN

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MISS DUNN—"Why; has it been announced?"  
PENFIELD—"No; but he has stopped taking her to the theatre and goes to church with her now every Sunday evening."

### A Simple Supper

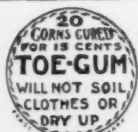
for the little ones, always relished, and very economical, is a bowl of broth made of

**Armour's**  
**Extract of BEEF**

with crackers or bread broken into it. Use  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful of Extract to each pint of water. Can be prepared over an oil stove or gas jet.

We issue a little book of "Culinary Wrinkles," which is to be had for the asking. Send name and address on a postal to

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The Surest, Quickest and Best Cure—**TOE-GUM**. Stops Pain and Removes Corns. A Good Thing—Push it Along. 15c in stamps, by mail. **W. S. HASWELL**, ALSO AT DRUGGISTS. Denver, Colo.

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**FREE!**

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Mention this paper.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

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Bear in Mind—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

# Yes,

Among the favorites are:

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Goya Lily,  
Nada Rose,  
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There are many makes of perfume, and all of them have a more or less pleasant odor, but, if you wish those that are true to the fragrance of the flowers, and suited to a cultivated, refined taste,

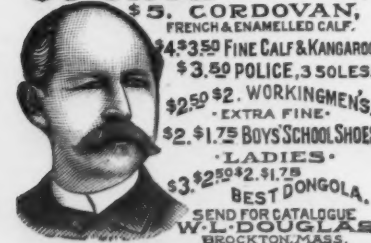
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THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL STATEMENT  
OF THE

## EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.

JANUARY 1, 1895.

Assets.....	\$185,044,310
Reserve Fund (4 per cent. Standard), and all other Liabilities.....	147,564,507
Surplus, 4 per cent. Standard..	\$37,479,803
Surplus, 3½ per cent. Standard, \$27,258,765	
Outstanding Assurance.....	\$913,556,733
In the above Statement of Outstanding Assurance, Installment Policies issued during 1894, and previous thereto, have been reduced to their commuted value.	
New Assurance Applied for....	\$256,552,736
Amount Declined..	39,436,748
New Assurance Written.....	\$217,115,988

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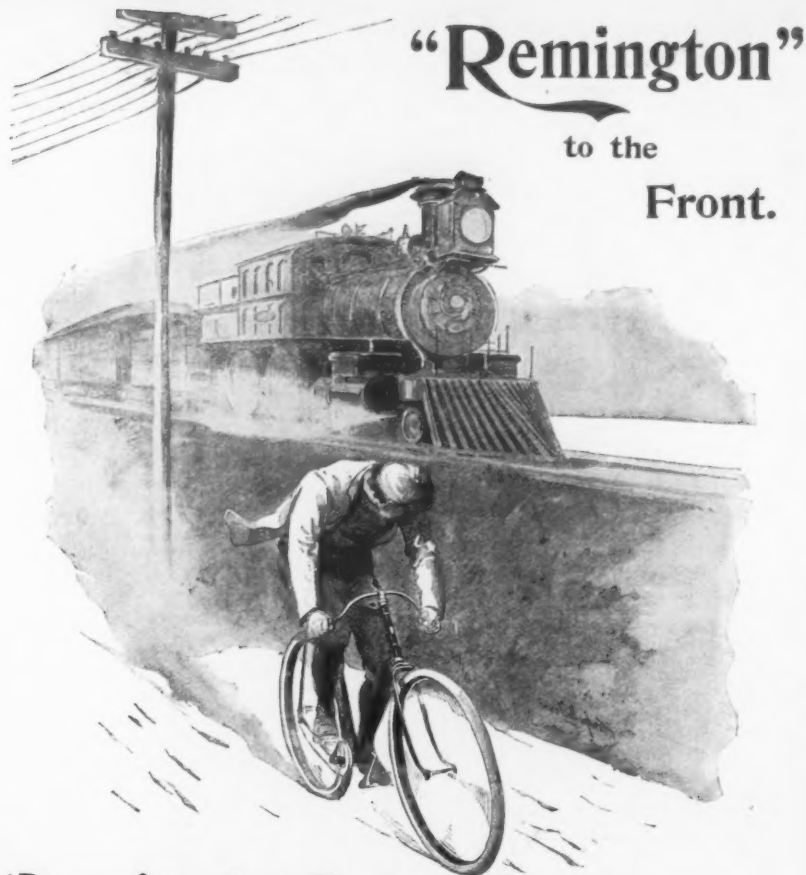
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CHICAGO, and all points West.

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If you will take **Scott's Emulsion** when you first begin to lose flesh or color, you will be in time to prevent a wasting disease like Consumption, Scrofula or Anæmia. You will restore your healthy weight and color, will be fortified against coughs and colds, and perhaps avert serious illness.

**Scott's Emulsion** is the most palatable and easiest form of Norway Cod-Liver Oil, rendered still more effectual by the Hypophosphites, which form a splendid vehicle for the introduction of the oil into the system. The Hypophosphites are also a nerve tonic and an aid to digestion. The combination of these powerful nutrients as they are found in **Scott's Emulsion** make it a natural remedy for all phases of wasting. It is surprising to see how quickly thin, pale children grow rosy, robust and plump after taking our preparation. It seems to be just what they need to build them up and overcome their wasting tendencies.

*Don't let the dealer try to talk you into something else that he says is "just as good."*

*Tell him you know what you want, and that is, Scott's Emulsion.*

Scott & Bowne, New-York.

All Druggists.

50c and \$1.